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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES	I	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>):		REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Burne-Jones. By D. S. M.	11	Thomas Hardy as Poet	19
The Outlook	6	"La Burgonde"; and the Paris Opéra.		Hadrian	19
The Russian War-chest	6	By J. F. R.	13	Scottish Literature	21
Lord Elgin	8	R. I. P. By Max	14	"A Friend of the Honest King"	21
Government and the Embellishment of		FINANCE	15	Our Eighteenth-century Navy	22
London	9	CORRESPONDENCE:		Lewis Carroll	23
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		The Foundations of England	18	Mysteries of Crime	23
Tarragona. By Arthur Symons	9	Rich and Poor. By Sir W. H. Russell		Fiction	24
Two French Ambassadors	10	and D. N. Samson	18	New Books and Reprints	25
		Consumption. By F. R. C. P.	18	The January Reviews	25

NOTES.

Lord Elgin is not the man to study the making of "effects," and yet, had he been as theatrical as Lytton and as rhetorical as Disraeli, he could hardly have achieved a more successful coup than that of his one great speech. To make one speech to show that he can speak when he wishes, to make only one, thus conveying the moral that action and not speech is the proper métier of an administrator, is a device worthy of the most accomplished artist in politics. But it would be a great mistake to take the speech in that way. To speak only when there was real need for speech was obviously Lord Elgin's natural habit. In this he has set an example others will not do badly to follow. When Lord Curzon was appointed, much was made of the contrast between him and his predecessor. It may be hoped that on Lord Curzon's retirement the temptation to point the contrast will not be so great. Lord Elgin reminds one of the philosopher's statesman, who was to enter public life as a duty, not from inclination or ambition, but, indeed, against his will. Aristocracy, too, owes him something, for it is difficult not to find in his particular case evidence of the hereditary capacity for administration which justifies the existence of a "governing class."

The small amount of enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Jamsetji Tata's gift of something like a quarter of a million sterling for the establishment in India of a Teaching University and Research Institute will hardly stir up others to similar good deeds. Neither will Lord Curzon's critically cool reception of the Universities' Provisional Committee. It may be right to be critical; but it is possible to be critical without being ungracious. The scheme, about which at present there is a strange lack of knowledge in England, seeks to establish a Teaching University and an Institute of Scientific Research in India, modelled generally on the famous Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, which was started primarily as a school for men who had gone through the ordinary collegiate training, and wished to spend further time in advanced work. The scheme will also incorporate the principles of such European institutions as the German Seminaria, the French Conferences, and English Research Classes.

The training will of course be of a purely specialist kind, and will seek to give expert instruction in professional and technical subjects rather than in those branches of

education generically known as "liberal." Prominent among the departments of the new university will be a School of Sanitary Science and Practice for qualified medical men, of Pedagogics for those intending to be higher secondary teachers, and a school for certain higher technical studies, among which Agriculture will figure conspicuously. The most doubtful proposal in the scheme is that to give the Senate power to alter the constitution. Under this power it will be possible—though we trust the possibility will never eventuate—for the main purpose of the University to be set aside: that purpose is the perfecting of the higher education of native Indians; and therein is danger of the Senate at some future time converting the University into a School for the sons of Anglo-Indians.

Lord Cromer well deserves his place at the head of the New Year's list of honours. Judged by solid results, in face of unusual difficulties, it will hardly be disputed that no English diplomatist of our times—certainly none since Sir William White—has rendered such service to the Empire as has Viscount Cromer during fifteen years in Cairo. He saw the State founded by Mehemet Ali crumble to pieces from sheer corruption and incapacity, and in its place he has laboriously built up a new order which is destined, we hope, under English guidance, to lead Egypt into a prosperity unknown since the days of the Pharaohs. He has inaugurated the New Year by a visit to Khartoum, where he is to lay the foundation stone of the Gordon Memorial College; for, with characteristic energy, Lord Kitchener is not going to allow his £100,000 to lie idle. Lord Cromer's speech to the sheikhs and notables in Omdurman on Thursday bore a double significance. It was an intimation to the natives of the Soudan that Great Britain intends to do for them what she has done for the Egyptians, and it was a thinly-veiled proclamation to the whole world that the day when the Egyptian flag will float alone over Cairo and Khartoum is far distant.

The rest of the New Year honours are singularly unexciting. Of the four new peers, two, Sir Joseph Bailey and Mr. R. T. Gurdon, are country gentlemen of sufficient opulence and unimpeachable respectability. Sir Philip Currie, besides being a member of a well-known banking family, is a Foreign Office pundit, who has not yet scored a success as an ambassador. We suppose that Mr. W. H. Hornby has been made a baronet because his colleague Sir William Coddington was made one before him. This prompts one to ask whether a baronetage is what conveyancers call an

"emblem appurtenant" to the Blackburn seat. If so, that manufacturing town will find no difficulty in keeping up the supply of subscribing members.

But if the honours conferred have excited little or no interest, there is an honour omitted which has provoked universal comment. For years the officials of the Post Office have been declaring that an Imperial Penny Post was utterly impossible. This Christmas and New Year have witnessed the triumph of Mr. J. Henniker Heaton over the narrow-minded opposition of the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The result has been obtained by a knowledge of the facts superior to that of the paid officials, and by a persistence which no obscurantism could daunt. What is the sequel? Mr. Badcock, a Post Office clerk, in the most literal sense of the term, is admitted to the Companionship of the Bath, whilst Mr. Henniker Heaton is simply ignored. This is not fair. Public honours should be given or withheld solely on public grounds.

Mr. Evelyn Ruggles-Brise is the most distinguished of the permanent officials who have received the C.B. He began his career at the Home Office as private secretary to Sir William Harcourt, and served in succession under Mr. Cross, Mr. Childers, Mr. Matthews, and Mr. Asquith, by whom he was appointed to his present post. Under Mr. Ruggles-Brise's sympathetic and energetic chairmanship, the Prison Commissioners have effected great improvements in the management and classification of prisoners, and Sir Matthew White Ridley's Prisons Bill was largely due to their initiative.

The "elevation" of Sir Henry Hawkins suggests the interesting inquiry, is it the reward of long lingering, or of not lingering still longer? In either case, the precedent is bad; inciting on the one hand to amiable self-delusion, on the other hand to a kind of blackmail. Matters might, indeed, be worse; for there are on record instances where the retiring title was accepted, but the entitled did not retire. So lame a conclusion is only possible where unusual simplicity meets unusual acuteness. Sir Henry Hawkins cannot be charged with excessive simplicity; but the Prime Minister is also a man of experience. On personal grounds everyone will be delighted to see Sir Henry amongst the Lords. It would be a real misfortune to the nation, if Sir Henry's individuality were wholly lost to public life. We trust that the gilt and coldness of the Upper House will not develop in Sir Henry that tendency to silence, which he resisted so successfully on the Bench.

Popularity at the Bar, a safe seat in the House of Commons and in the saddle of a steeplechaser, with a good reputation as a lawyer, though within a limited range, are very fair recommendations to the Bench in these days. The promotion of Mr. Bucknill will thus be accepted by lawyers with as little enthusiasm as regret. The instinct of the profession warns it beforehand that some appointments will turn out badly, but usually nothing can be more uncertain than whether a new judge will develop into a success or a failure. Perhaps Mr. Bucknill is a bit too much of a specialist, a class of man apt to be dangerous as a judge, especially in criminal cases. Was not Mr. Justice Phillimore quite admirable as Sir Walter in the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Courts?

The Lord Chief Justice, the Bar Council, the Incorporated Law Society, and the legal journals, all demand an additional judge. They make a considerable body of authority, but the necessity they urge is not obvious. If the Treasury appoint the suggested committee to inquire into the state of the Courts, we greatly doubt their finding the solution of present difficulties in more judges. The suggestion is either a cowardly alternative for the necessary reorganization of the judicial system, the High Court, County Courts, and Criminal Courts in London and the provinces; or it is a device to stave off changes by those who do not want change. May we not ask how the time of the present staff of judges is occupied, to say nothing of the immense waste that goes on in working the antiquated circuit system? And is it not something to the point that Her Majesty's

judges rest for 120 days during the year, excluding Sundays? And the reference to the suggested committee, is it to include the question of the quality as well as the quantity of judges?

The situation in Abyssinia is viewed with great anxiety in Rome, and we need not add that so long as Menelik keeps from 90,000 to 100,000 men under arms, the Sirdar on his part is bound to maintain a much larger force in the Soudan than would otherwise be necessary. According to this week's telegrams Menelik has declared the deposition of Ras Mangascia, king of Tigre; and Ras Makonnen, his successor-designate, is at Haussen with 40,000 men prepared to fight. Which ever side wins, there is likely to be trouble, as the Italian force in Erythrea is quite inadequate for the defence of the colony, and a victorious Ras in Tigre is pretty certain to try and regain the territory ceded to Italy. Menelik's claims in the west are quite inconsistent with the new boundaries of the Egyptian Soudan. In spite of treaties, he was not long ago meditating a descent into the Valley of the Nile. The crushing victory at Omdurman and the withdrawal of Major Marchand from Fashoda have appreciably cooled his ardour, but Egypt can never be altogether at peace while Abyssinia is at war.

Things are going as badly as ever in China. The demands of the French have been conceded by the Chinese Government, in spite of the fact that China received the support of Great Britain, America, Germany, and Japan in resisting them. It is quite clear that Muscovite influence was ranged on the side of France, which is another indication of the fact that the differences of the Western Powers will have to be settled at Peking. It is a pity that the British Cabinet has all along seemed incapable of grasping the vast significance of the events which are taking place in the new arena of politics in the Far East. At one time it was hoped that the proposed extension of the French settlement at Shanghai would prove a second Fashoda question, and that England would stand firm. But there is a painful probability that the analogy may still hold good, with the difference that the situation of the two Powers will be reversed.

The revolt in Szechuan seems to be the most serious which China has had to deal with since the present troubles began, and the danger is increased by the fact that the Imperial Government is almost powerless to aid the Viceroy. Owing to distance and to a total lack of military organisation, the direct marching of troops to the scene of trouble is out of the question, and as the local officials are irritated and alarmed by rumours of various reforms, all of which mean to them the cutting off of various sources of peculation, they are not likely to over-exert themselves. Lord Charles Beresford has been pointing out to the Chinese authorities that for their present expenditure, which does not give them a single army corps of capable soldiers, they could organise an army of 200,000 thoroughly equipped and drilled men, with which order could be restored and a bold front presented to the enemy. But then, if the money were spent on the army, the mandarins and officials would no longer be able to steal it, and that is just the difficulty in the way of all Chinese reforms.

So it is a lawyer again who is to represent the United States in England. It is the tradition that the American Minister shall be popular and successful, and Mr. Joseph Choate will no doubt add to his already great reputation. His fame is not yet equal, however, to that of his uncle, Rufus P. Choate, who has left a name which even American rhetoric can hardly sufficiently eulogise, though it uses for purposes of comparison the mighty names of Cicero, Demosthenes, and Daniel Webster. The latest exhibition of the new Minister's exuberant oratory (American oratory is just a little too full-blooded) was a speech at the unveiling of a statue to the memory of this celebrated uncle. It would be no loss to English lawyers if they were stimulated by his presence to a little wider interest in professional matters. They might hear American views, say, upon the dis-

paragement of trial by jury, which is now fashionable both here and in America.

The United States in demanding the Philippines from Spain seem to be acquiring a hornets' nest. There are about twelve hundred islands in the group, with nearly 6,000,000 inhabitants; and if all these are disaffected, General Otis has before him a heavy task. At present he finds it difficult to overawe the insurgents round Manila, while General Miller has found it either impossible or inexpedient to attack the insurgents who have taken possession of Iloilo. Perhaps the most sinister element in the situation is the escape of General Aguinaldo from his friends, the Americans. If the insurgent chief is now busy organising an insurrection against the United States, he may give General Otis quite as much trouble as he gave the Spanish Governor-General. The American Administration has also to square its views with this week's pronouncement of the Cobden Club. But possibly they share our view that it doesn't matter what the Cobden Club says.

Meanwhile, the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States remains to be ratified, and it is even doubtful whether Congress, which has met this week, will consent to the ratification. President McKinley claims that he will secure a majority in the Senate, and he may be right; at the same time, it is abundantly evident that the Anti-imperialist party in the States is growing in boldness, if not in numbers. Besides the peace treaty, there will be a number of interesting subjects before Congress this session. There is, for instance, the question of the Nicaraguan Canal and the ticklish Clayton-Bulwer treaty; there is also Senator Hanna's Shipping Bill, which proposes to rehabilitate the American mercantile marine by a system of graduated subsidies. More important even than these is the race feud in the South between the black and white races, which will have to be faced at an early date.

The American Imperialist with his radiant imagination seems to have assumed, as a matter of course, that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty will be abrogated in deference to the representations of the American Government that this instrument interferes seriously with its project of constructing the water-way under the exclusive control of the United States. That is precisely what it was intended to do. It ought not to be forgotten that the undertaking, on the part of the United States, not to seek or obtain any such commercial or territorial predominance in the Isthmian region, was the price paid to Great Britain for abandoning certain valuable possessions she had acquired in this quarter of the world. England had obtained from the local Governments an admirable site for a coaling station and naval station in Fonseca Bay on the Pacific side, together with the "Bay Islands" on the Atlantic, and the Protectorate over the Mosquito Coast, with the town and port of Greytown, on the San Juan River, at the very entrance of the proposed Canal. There had been a race between Great Britain and the United States for the strong strategic positions that commanded the line of inter-oceanic communication, and as it happened Great Britain won.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was negotiated to put an end to this dangerous competition, and to place both Powers on an equal footing. England gave up her actual acquisitions; the United States Government had nothing to give up, but it pledged itself not to acquire anything in the future. As a matter of fact the treaty did not compel us (according to our construction of it) to surrender Greytown and the Mosquito Protectorate, but we eventually did so, in compliance with American remonstrances. It seems incredible that Lord Salisbury should give away for nothing rights and privileges which even Lord Granville insisted on retaining. To conciliate the Americans by cancelling the treaty may be good politics, but we should like to be sure that we are getting something of tangible and permanent value in return. There is talk of Tariff concessions in favour of Canada. This is all very well; but if it is worth while for the Americans to enter into a reci-

procity arrangement with the Dominion, one fails to see why it should be purchased from them on this extravagant scale.

Tariff privileges and commercial agreements are transitory matters at the best. A change of American fiscal policy might render a commercial treaty with Canada useless five years hence. But harbours, and fortresses, and coaling stations are things that abide. The proper consideration for the abrogation of the treaty of 1850 would be to put us in an analogous situation to that in which we stood before this convention was signed. Let the United States consent to our acquiring, by peaceable negotiation with the Central American Governments concerned, one or two convenient naval stations on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides of the Isthmus, and within a reasonable distance of the entrances to the new waterway. Whatever the value of the canal may prove to be, we cannot consent to being placed at a strategic disadvantage on the alternative short route to our trans-Pacific possessions and to the markets of Eastern Asia.

Within the last few weeks there has been imposed by the Boer Government a tax of 5 per cent. on mining profits, a tax of 2½ per cent. on the gross yield of gold from mining leases, a tax of £1 on every 200 acres of Transvaal land held by foreign companies, a tax of £15 per head on non-naturalised residents, and a tax of 2½ per cent. additional is recommended on all imports. If these are enforced—and foreigners receive little clemency in the South African Republic—the Government will receive another million sterling from Mr. Chamberlain's patient wards, who number perhaps 125,000. We may say parenthetically that it is always well to remember the comparative paucity of the uitlander population. A million is a light thing to the many: it is a crushing burden to the few. It is probable, indeed, that in this additional taxation of several pounds per head we have the explanation of the recent riots at Johannesburg; the hypothesis is at least as probable as Reuter's suggestion—a bibulous Saturday afternoon.

What becomes of the millions drawn thus by the ruling oligarchy in the South African Republic? The answer is simple. Year by year, under President Kruger's fatal policy of pauperisation, the Boer farmer is sinking into the position of State pensioner, supported by irregular doles. His demands on the Treasury are growing more insistent as he loses self-respect; until, as the latest news tells us, the Government has been forced to apply for a special vote to enable it to take over all burgher mortgage bonds. The nationalisation of the land in England a dream: in the Transvaal it has become a national necessity, if independence is to be preserved. The Transvaal State—so reasons President Kruger—rests on its citizen soldiers. At all costs these must be supported and—the uitlander pays.

Another instance of the Board of Trade's sins of omission. Why cannot the Board supply information as to the tin-plate trade, for which we have to go to Messrs. Sim & Coventry's report on the market for 1898? Here the disastrous effects of the recent coal strike are visible; but it would be a mistake to attribute the troubles of the tin-plate trade solely, or even mainly, to the coal strike: they are of longer standing. There was a time when the United States looked to South Wales for their large supply of tin-plates. Thanks to energy and a protective tariff, they look there no longer, to any extent. In 1893 we supplied the United States with 255,603 tons of tin-plates; in the following years this quantity steadily decreased, until it stood in 1897 at 76,398 tons. 1898 has been worse than 1897, as may be gathered by comparing the eleven months of the two years, the figures for which are respectively 75,352 tons and 61,676 tons. There are things in the report which it would never do to mention at an Anglo-American banquet. The Board of Trade gives us no information on the point, but it is affirmed that we are now actually importing tin-plate bars from the United States. There is the less excuse for these departmental shortcomings inasmuch as Government advice on trade

matters when sound is not neglected, as is shown by the publication in Japanese and Chinese of journals dealing with trade in the Far East. Thus we have already an honest attempt to supply one of the most important omissions noted in consular reports.

The revenue returns of the United Kingdom for the first three quarters of the fiscal year were published this week. Most of the items in the statement look healthy, the conspicuous exception being the Customs. Here, of course, we are paying for Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's curious present to the tobacco manufacturers. It is fair to assume, after an examination of the import statistics, that the falling off in the Customs receipts is attributable to the remission of part of the tobacco duty. The Chancellor of the Exchequer anticipated a loss on this account of £1,120,000, and he will probably get it. For the two first quarters of the year the diminution reached £632,000, and commentators at the time foresaw the probability of an even greater decline than Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had estimated. The recently published Statement, however, indicates a decline in the third quarter of £191,000 only, and some commentators are now rushing to the other extreme, and congratulating the country on a lessened loss than was expected. But it must be remembered that the third quarter of the fiscal year includes Christmas, and those preceding weeks when the wine and spirit merchants and the tobacconists withdraw from bond largely increased stores of the raw material of Christmas revelry, and the receivers of Customs have, in consequence, a busy time.

Has a prisoner who is injured in the course of his punishment a claim for damages? Such is the nice legal point which has come before a Supreme Court in Australia, and will probably come before the Privy Council. A prisoner in one of Her Majesty's gaols was ordered to tend an engine and boiler. A glass tube burst and destroyed his eye, whereupon the prisoner brought an action against the Government. The defence was that the prisoner was neither the guest nor the employé of the Government. After elaborate arguments lasting many days, the colonial court nonsuited the plaintiff, who has appealed. It is a novel point.

Canon Fleming should be advised by his friends to hold his peace. Every fresh utterance on discipline from the pulpit of St. Michael's, Chester Square, indicates more clearly the wounded vanity and the deep insubordination of the speaker. On New Year's Day the communicants were informed that *they* were under no obligation to obey the Bishop of London, and that their loyal and obedient pastor would cheerfully assist their contempt of his Lordship's admonitions. Canon Fleming was not ashamed to suggest, and something more than suggest, to communicants that they might dispense with all that solemn preparatory part of the Communion Service which the Prayer Book has provided and which the Bishop has rightly insisted on as essential to a legal Celebration of Holy Communion. This is the popular preacher at his very lowest, sinking, in the service of his own vanity, to become the tool of congregational indolence and worse.

The reasons, as usual, were even more amazing than the counsel. They are, first, the uselessness of hearing the same service twice on the same day; and, next, the importance of keeping up the large number of communicants at St. Michael's. As to the one, Canon Fleming holds office in a Church which constantly assumes the contrary. Evensong is, largely, a repetition of Matins. The objection underlying this contemptuous reference to liturgical repetitions has hitherto been the *peculium* of the lower type of Dissenting critic. Adversity makes strange bedfellows. The stern advocate of military discipline in the Church lies down with the itinerant ranter on the common platform of resistance to the "vain repetitions" of the Prayer Book. As to the other, if the communicants at St. Michael's only receive the Sacrament on condition that the service is mutilated to their taste, a diminution in their numbers would hardly be any injury to religion. Canon Fleming

concluded his New Year's message with a reference to our Saviour's Command, of which it is hard to say whether the irrelevancy or the bad taste was the more remarkable.

We observe that the Evangelical lament about the distribution of Crown patronage in the Church is again audible. Nothing but discredit to the Low Church party and injury to the National Church can result from the demand that the Bench shall be systematically recruited on partisan principles. The high level of learning and character which has generally marked the Episcopal appointments of the last thirty years—to which we owe the fact that the Bench is now strong enough to deal with a dangerous crisis without cringing to popular passion or having recourse to Parliament—must not be abandoned in favour of probably the most degrading form of corrupt motive—the interest of religious party. We doubt not that the present Premier is the last person in the world to lend himself to such an abuse of the solemn responsibility of his office. Given a certain eminence of intellectual position and a recognised altitude of character, Evangelicals and High Churchmen are, we know, regarded with impartial favour. It is an ill compliment which either party pays to itself when it complains of this equality of treatment, and desires to throw into the scale an irrelevant consideration.

The question of the Registration of Teachers is certainly no easy one. A common register for all would lump together teachers of every sort and calibre, from the weakest of pupil teachers that ever gained the Queen's Scholarship, to Senior Classics and Wranglers; as, apart from the question of training, admission to the list would naturally have to be brought down to the level of the attainments of the lowest intellectual drudge among primary teachers. On the other hand, separate registration for primary and secondary teachers would lead to a complete separation of the most undesirable kind between the two sets of teachers, thus establishing and perpetuating a system of caste that would be highly injurious to the interests of education. And, finally, there is the vexed question of the registration of teachers in technical subjects. For surely they have a right to State recognition, and yet to add them to the single list would make it still more incongruous.

There is, however, a way out of the difficulty, and one we hope the Government will adopt. The dual object to be arrived at is to preserve the one-ness of the teaching profession, while admitting the principle of the threefoldness of branches into which it forks. This educational unity in trinity and trinity in unity would best be brought about as follows: First, there must be one register and one register only, but the same should be divided into three sections—primary, secondary, and technical, each with a definite minimum of attainment to be required of those seeking admission. Thus a primary teacher, on gaining, say, a University degree, would be eligible to be classed as a secondary teacher, while secondary teachers would, ipso facto be eligible for primary posts, and thus help to bring about that most desirable result—the entry of another class, with larger and wider ideas of life, into our primary schools.

The death of the venerable Duke of Northumberland removes a distinguished lay member of that remarkable religious society which calls itself by the comprehensive name of the "Catholic and Apostolic Church." The attraction of "Irvingite" mysticism has been strongly felt by men of varied powers and the highest character. The tolerance of its ecclesiastical attitude may, perhaps, in part explain the fact. Edward Irving himself was the most fascinating of men, and something of his mysterious charm has attached to his system. Dr. Pusey, though he regarded Irvingism as "a strange delusion of Satan," yet was willing to receive Irvingites to Holy Communion so long as they were not actually in communion with the sect. Perhaps F. D. Maurice, writing when the air was full of Irvingite "miracles," best sums up the attitude of the cultivated Churchman towards this somewhat fascinating as somewhat fantastic denomination: "Unless I saw

more clearly than I do here a boundary-line where the gifts of the Spirit must be taken to have ceased, I do not like to deny, much less to laugh."

Ireland begins the New Year well, and, if Lord Cadogan and Mr. Gerald Balfour have the courage of their opinions, the closing years of the nineteenth century will present a welcome contrast to the ghastly scenes of insurrection and massacre which marked the close of the eighteenth. Then as now England possessed a minister who knew the evil and its remedy. Mr. Pitt saw that there was no permanent peace for Ireland till the influence of the Roman Catholic Church was brought round to the side of order and loyalty. Catholic Emancipation, and a small endowment for the Roman Catholic clergy, were his remedies, but unhappily for himself and for Ireland he gave way before the obstinacy of the King. Mr. Balfour knows the value of the support of the Bishops and clergy, but he too is threatened with opposition, not from above, but from beneath. The Orange mob and the English Nonconformists will do their best to frighten him from his policy. But we hope that England has made some progress during the century, and that "No popery" is no longer an irresistible cry.

Some of the English journals have been trying to raise a scare about the doings of a certain United Irish League in Mayo, just as last year they were clamouring for the suppression of the "'98 Centenary Movement." We then counselled Mr. Balfour to let the '98 men demonstrate to their hearts' content, and, above all things, to avoid giving them the longed-for advertisement. The result was that the movement was a ludicrous fiasco; several foundation-stones were laid, and the committees are now at their wits' end to raise the money to build the monuments. There is nothing really menacing in the anti-grazier movement. In the first place, instead of having a man of genius like Parnell for leader, the League has only a discredited windbag; and in the second place, the real working grievance is lacking. In 1879 there was a disastrous famine, rents were high, and prices were rapidly falling. In 1899 there is abundance, rents are lowered by nearly one-half, and prices show signs of improvement.

Gratitude to Sir William Harcourt for sparing us a speech would have been greater, had he shown the public more consideration of late in the matter of letters. We wonder how many of the front-bench Liberals are feeling grateful to Sir William for this delicate thought for the "future leader," whom Sir Charles Dilke has just condemned proleptically. Possibly some of the candidates are also thinking that it might not have been a bad thing for the coming leader to know beforehand what was in Sir William's mind, which would have enabled him to enter the battle fore-armed. But that would spoil all the fun for Sir William, who prefers to lie low, and wait for his successor to speak first "upon the new condition of things." He may safely rely on the public to believe that he remains faithful to his principles. His constituents have not known him so long, so they may have more doubts.

As one of the six Powers interested in Far Eastern politics, Japan is strenuously preparing a navy to give effect to her ambitions. Very soon she will be in a position to construct her own war-vessels, but in the meantime the dockyards of Germany, France, America, and Great Britain are busy supplying her with the best products of modern naval invention. Part of her programme—a ten years' building programme—includes the construction of torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers. Several of the latter are being built by Messrs. Yarrow and Co. on the Thames, and the speeds attained on recent trials have been fully thirty-one knots. This is a result which no other boat of this class can show, and it is only one indication among many of the high quality of the Japanese navy. In a short time the torpedo flotilla alone will number a hundred vessels.

In our opinion the British Cabinet has committed a deplorable blunder at the outset in allowing the wife of the British ambassador to pay her respects to the Empress Dowager. Who is the Empress Dowager?

Our envoy is accredited to the Emperor of China, and no official intimation has been given to the British Government of any political change at Peking. It must be remembered that there is an Empress to whom the respects of the foreign ladies were due in the first instance; and to have passed her over was tantamount to acknowledging the recent *coup d'état*. Old ladies play an important rôle in the Chinese household; but in the case of the Imperial family a Dowager Empress has to retire in favour of the reigning Emperor's wife. Constitutionally, the position of the Empress Dowager is precisely that now occupied by the Empress Frederick in Germany. It may be objected that just now the Empress Dowager is supreme, and that it is only through her that concessions and other advantages can be obtained. Our diplomacy is not, it is to be hoped, conducted on those sordid lines; and it is incredible how things should have been allowed to drift into the present anomalous and unbusinesslike position. That we shall later on reap troublesome complications in consequence of these impolitic proceedings can scarcely be a matter of doubt.

The growing taste of the Russian peasants for beer, and the recent action of the Russian Government in reference to the production and sale of vodka in the rural districts, have led to a considerable increase in the brewing industry. Nearly all these breweries, though nominally Russian, are really worked and financed by wealthy German firms, and, having almost undisputed possession of the market, are realising immense profits. The demand for English "pale ale" and "stout" in the capital and the larger towns is rapidly increasing, though the price is extravagantly high. The brewing of "English" pale ale and stout is now one of the most important and profitable branches of these Russo-German Companies, but as yet no serious attempt has been made by any English firms to establish Anglo-Russian breweries in Russia. It is certainly humiliating to our national enterprise to find "English" pale ale and stout made in Russia by German brewers and sold by them at fancy prices.

The Kennel Club's new regulations for the better management of dog shows have just come into force. They would be much worthier of notice if they included stringent rules against the removal of portions of terriers' tails, and the tampering with collies' ears—two very senseless practices which prevail among those who exhibit and traffic in dogs. At the Sandringham kennels no mutilations or trimmings of any kind are permitted by the Prince and Princess, whose dogs appear on many show benches.

Mr. Frederic Harrison purports to be a philosopher; therefore, when he poses as a politician, there is no need to take him seriously. All that he had to say to his Positivist friends as to our position in Egypt, our relations with Russia, and the value of Wei-hai-wei, may safely be ignored; but when he comes to generalise on the influence of "imperial expansion," he is at least within his rights, for generalisation is the philosopher's privilege. The imperial spirit is to Mr. Harrison the source of all evil. It makes progress impossible; it has "swallowed up the energies of Liberalism" (at worst an equivocal loss to the country). Mr. Harrison is a scholar, and must be taken to base his arguments on the teaching of history. That is what astonishes us. We can conceive a philosopher arriving at these conclusions by purely *a priori* methods, but we cannot understand the process by which a student of history can reach the same results. We believe the teaching of history to be all the other way; that with imperial expansion there has coincided expansion intellectual, moral, artistic; that decay of imperial energy has usually synchronised with decay in other directions. But we do not wish to dogmatise. The subject is well worthy of the philosopher and the historian; and we cannot but regret that Mr. Frederic Harrison should have made it the vehicle for a political diatribe. To confound imperial expansion with Jingoism is a kind of advocate's trick, that would rejoice the heart of a police-court attorney. Such pettiness in a philosopher can only be attributed to irritation at finding that he stands alone—or alone with Mr. Leonard Courtney.

THE OUTLOOK.

"EXPERIENCE makes more prophets than revelation" was a saying of Lord Halifax, and the apothegm suited the cynical humour of the Trimmer of the seventeenth century. Yet it is only true within narrow limits, for nothing is more certain than that the oldest Parliamentary hand makes egregious blunders in dealing with the future. For instance, last year opened in gloom and war-shocks, and ended in smiles and confidence. This year opens in smiles and confidence; but it would be very rash to infer that it will therefore end in war-shocks and gloom. Experience is of immeasurable value in disposing of the matter in hand; it is of very much less value in attempting to forecast the future. We have no desire to play the prophet, a dangerous and, even if successful, a thankless task. We merely wish, by using our eyes, to suggest the probabilities of the coming year.

The disturbing factors of the year 1898 were the relations between Spain and the United States, and those between France and Great Britain. Spain is humbled and helpless, and the United States are not likely to make war upon anybody during the next twelve months. The three months' war, if such it can be called, brought home in rather a vivid way to the Americans what would have happened to them had their habit of rash talking involved them in a war with a first-class Power such as ourselves. In fact, the Americans were only a degree or two less unprepared than the Spaniards. As the Americans are extremely intelligent, the lesson is not likely to be lost. The camp at Tampa and the naval operations in West Indian waters revealed a state of things in their naval and military departments which it will take them some years to put right. The United States, therefore, are not likely to interrupt the peace of the world during 1899. France presents a double problem to the inquirer, the external and the internal problem. So far as France and ourselves are concerned, we do not see any possibility of a rupture. From the Fashoda incident France has learned that there are certain questions on which Great Britain will fight, and that the control of Egypt is one of them. It is as certain as anything can be in politics that France will never engage in a single-handed war with England, for her navy is admittedly inferior to ours, and her army, her pride and glory, would not be able to fire a shot. This reduces the chance of conflict between the two nations to an infinitesimal contingency, as Egypt is, besides Alsace and Lorraine, the only question of foreign policy in which France is sufficiently interested to dream of fighting for. With regard to the internal politics of France, he would be a bold man who ventured to prophesy the course of events during the next six months. We do not believe that there is a man or woman in France who knows any more about it than the intelligent foreigner. That there is a Royalist party cannot be denied; a wealthy manufacturer has just made the Duc d'Orléans a present of £40,000. That there is a Buonapartist party is equally evident; and certain organs on both sides of the Channel would have us believe that the triumph of the Imperialists is only a question of weeks. It may be so; but we wish these able editors would point out to us even the nucleus of the organisation necessary for a *coup d'état*. We dare say there are plenty of St. Arnolds hanging about, eager for a job: there may even be a De Morny in readiness; but where is the Napoleon? It must be remembered that Napoleon III. made two attempts upon the French throne, and that he only succeeded on the third occasion as the President of the Republic. This argues a greater tenacity of character than any Imperial Pretender has since displayed. Besides, in 1848 the Napoleonic legend was still fresh: to-day it is a faded affair. On a question of political dynamics we must fall back on our old servant—experience. History teaches us that while a small faction can make a revolution in the sense of seizing the palaces and the guards, it requires a very real pressure of material want, or a strong rush of sentiment, to induce a nation to support or acquiesce in the change. Hunger produced the Revolution of 1789, and in 1848 France was swept away by the revolutionary wave which passed over Europe. In

the France of to-day the starvation motive is certainly wanting, and we doubt if the irritation aroused by the Dreyfus affair is a sufficiently strong sentiment to unite the nation in favour of either the Duc d'Orléans or the Prince Napoléon. President Faure might well put to either of the pretenders the question which Charles II. was fond of putting to his brother James: "Who is going to kill me to make *you* king?"

We may be very innocent, but we have formed the deliberate opinion that the Czar of Russia is sincere in his policy of peace. We do not ascribe his action entirely to the goodness of his heart, though that counts for something. We believe that the Czar is perfectly informed as to the financial and military condition of his vast Empire. Money and men are his wants, to supply which breathing-time is essential. His Ministers have cleverly seized their opportunity of playing upon the susceptibilities of a young and amiable Sovereign, in order to gain the one thing needful—time. There is another point. It would require very strong provocation from England to induce Nicholas II. to make war upon his august grandmother. The same remark applies to the Emperor of Germany, and indeed Her Majesty's life is the greatest guarantee of European peace. There are signs that the Triple Alliance is breaking up, owing to the internal weakness of Italy and Austria. The recent attitude of protection adopted by the German Emperor towards Turkey makes an alliance between Russia and Germany difficult, and the Kaiser will probably, for the time being, imitate England's policy of isolation. Lord Charles Beresford may be right in saying that there will be war in Chinese waters over the tariff question; but it cannot come this year. Russia, France, Germany, and Great Britain, all require time to assimilate their Chinese acquisitions, and to learn what their several interests are. The old-fashioned Eastern question, meaning thereby the Bulgarian-Macedonian-Armenian question, we have, like the poor, always with us: but since the settlement of Crete it has lost much of its terror. For the life of us we cannot see where war is to come from.

In domestic legislation the measure of the Session will be a London Government Bill, as to which there has been so much forethought that it is to be taken out of the hands of Mr. Chaplin, to whose department it belongs, and conducted by Mr. Arthur Balfour. We should have thought Mr. Ritchie might have been a fitter person to pilot the bill, as it will deal with Municipal Government and with London. But, as a matter of etiquette, when the head of a department is superseded, it can only be done, presumably, by the First Lord of the Treasury. Such a measure has long been due, and is needed as the complement of the Act of 1888. That, at least, is what it should be, though we are aware that it might be diverted to other purposes. We do not apprehend much from Mr. William O'Brien's attempt to form a labourers' league in the West of Ireland, whose object, shortly, is to squat upon the farmers' land. Thus the quietness of Ireland will probably leave nothing to temper the happy monotony of the last year of the century, except the amusement of watching how the Radical leadership will work "in commission."

THE RUSSIAN WAR-CHEST.

FROM time to time England is moved to a general revival of interest in Russian finance. These occasions are never brought on by financial considerations alone, but strictly coincide with some new intrusion of the war-spectre. In quiet times, neither bankers, nor brokers, nor bondholders, nor other suspicious folk seem to be at all concerned with the stability of Russian credit, or ever disturbed by the mysteries of the Russian Treasury. But at the first approach of a "Penjdeh incident," the appearance of resolute Muscovite hostility in China, or any similar portent, political speculation, even more quickly than financial timidity, turns to the condition of money matters in the Russian Empire. "We've got the money, too," that stirring line in the deathless Jingo song, might have been no

expression of doubt that Russia was as fortunate, but what it might not have been it was; the expression of a general and in every way popular doubt, for which we may perhaps find a date in the letters and speeches of Richard Cobden. When that peaceable, and yet half imperialist, statesman said that, in a conflict with England, Russia would be crumpled up like a sheet of paper, he was thinking not of her destruction by naval and military measures, but through financial collapse: a meaning which puts his simile exactly right. It pleased, for we were immensely proud in those days of our cash resources, and all the other virtues celebrated by Dr. Smiles; and ever since then any association of the words England, Russia, war, has brought up to sanguine minds the image of a colossal band-box full of I.O.U.s.

Now we see that a sort of peace-appeal from St. Petersburg has much the same effect in this way as a menace of war. No sooner does the Czar issue an encyclical in favour of suspending armaments for a few years, than its meaning is brought to the test of Russian finance. Nor is it wrong to do so, or "cynical," or unworthy, or any of the other stupid things that have been said of doing what ought to be done as a matter of course. Suspending armaments is not as simple an affair as reverting to plain dinners at seven o'clock. When rivalry—we need not speak of enmity—proposes mutual suspension of effort for a little while, it is desirable to try the grounds of the suggestion by every applicable test, and to do so with the rigour and impartiality of chemical investigation. That is what would be done in business, and should be done in politics. The facts being found, choice of action still remains. You may consider and disregard the facts, or act on them in part—do what you will, in short, within your limit of capability; but not till you have put them plainly before your eyes, with all the probabilities rooted in them. Therefore they are not merely innocent, but dutifully careful, who try the Czar's rescript by every explanation that is likely to fit. The financial explanation naturally comes first; and whether it be applicable or not, or in whatever degree it may be applicable, there is more cogency in considering the financial state of Russia as related to a disarmament scheme—which is an evident matter of choice—than in doing so in contemplation of hostilities beyond our power to determine.

Investors and traders (usually the best judges) being sufficiently agreed of the soundness of Russian finance in the general, our concern is at all times, as to that matter, with the Russian war-chest; and, as we have said, the common unvarying impression in England is that there is very little in it. When the war-cloud hovers over that land and any other, discovery is not far off that Russia must certainly avoid hostilities for some time to come, for reasons best known at the Exchequer. Her new system of artillery remains incomplete from its enormous cost; or the new rifle equipment, though also incomplete, has drained the Treasury; or there is a famine so widespread as to draw to itself irresistibly every available rouble from every available source. Or should war seem really imminent (and it came very near indeed after the fighting at Penjdeh), then the calculation is that at any rate it cannot last long, because of the really "rotten" state of Russian finance. And just as this same embarrassment is supposed to explain the Peace encyclical, so also it explained (for us) the Russian alliance with France: an alliance which, at first declared to be absurdly impossible for political reasons, was afterwards thought to be accounted for by a picaresque design on French savings at a time of great need. Both explanations, however, were forced, and even rather hysterical; and the truth is, we suppose, that little is known of Russia's money affairs except to a few gentlemen in the same constellation with M. de Witte. The greater financiers of the professional class may know much, and probably do; but if so, it is a knowledge ranking with trade secrets, and therefore to be kept to themselves. Yet we will venture the opinion that few men are more impressed with the actual and potential wealth of Russia, or the Russian State, than some who have had most reason to look into its resources. The immense expenditure of these later years (the estimated cost of the Siberian railway was about £35,000,000

sterling) may have hatched out some misgivings, though not as to ultimate results; for the immense expenditure has been accompanied by enormous development of potential ways and means. Latent resources, however, no matter how considerable they may be, are of small avail in case of great and sudden demands: such demands as war makes now-a-days, when campaigns that cost scores of millions are practically over in a few weeks. To be sure, Russia is a country that can stand out against conquest longer than any other, unless it be the United States. But the conditions have changed for Russia also in that respect; so that none can boast any longer of what has been our own great stand-by in war—latent resource. But see how that works out. Two great nations are suddenly at war. The one has a far greater amount of available wealth than the other, and, time being allowed, could wear its foe out, and wear it down almost certainly; but has never thoroughly prepared a quick succession of heavy blows. Its antagonist, a poorer country, may have spent its whole resource and borrowed more for the purpose of organising and completing a careful system of attack—a system of roads, and mines, and wires, actual and metaphorical—such as must ensure a first sweeping success. Consider what a first sweeping success means in these days, and then say which of the two nations is the likelier to be bankrupt (by indemnity and what not) six months afterwards.

Which of these two parts is and has long been played by Russia, and which till quite the other day by England, we know. With precisely how much skill, with how much freedom from the failure that corruption and incompetence provide, we do not know. And there still remains the question whether the impetuosity of the Russian Government is all that it is supposed to be. It is reasonable to doubt it. There may be something in the suggestion that a Government so Eastern in its traditions and character, so unceasingly careful and assiduous in its military preparations, and with a more secret command of money than any other State in the northern hemisphere, is unlikely not to have an adequate war-treasury. If but of moderate dimensions, why not a hoard for fighting purposes according to the use and wont of such Governments? The question may be answered by another: "Why, in that case, go out into the streets to borrow for army charges?" But where such treasuries are formed they are meant for their own sacred purpose alone; and it does not follow that Governments are poor because they borrow. Governments are great owners or trustees of property sometimes. There is no such independent owner or trustee on the face of the earth as the Czar; and with no lack of means at command it may profit his country to borrow vast sums in order to enlarge, to exploit, to secure the estate; and that is what Russian Governments seem to have been doing. There are even political advantages in such borrowing. When an individual person borrows, he puts himself very much into the hands of his creditor. When a strong nation borrows of other nations the case is altered; the creditor is more or less in the hands of the debtor. The Russian loans were largely held in England for a long time: no foreign stock was so much favoured by the last generation of bankers. Much of this stock was sold in the sixties and seventies with a sense of political relief. Most of it passed into German hands. Germany was loaded with Russian stock in Bismarck's time—not to his political advantage; for the consequences of suspended payment (which would have been terrible in the financial and commercial conditions then existing at Berlin) were actually hinted from St. Petersburg on some appropriate occasion of disagreement. The desire of the Russian Government seems to be to make the whole world its banker; and it may be a mistake to suppose that this is all from need, and not at all from financial policy and statecraft. Of the two, the second is the safer hypothesis; and though there is every reason to believe that, notwithstanding her enormous army and her fast-growing navy, Russia is bent upon conquest by management and not by war (unless as a finishing stroke), it would be most unsafe to reckon at any time on the lack of means in that country as a safeguard against war.

LORD ELGIN.

"**M**AGISTRATUS virum ostendit" is an aphorism the truth of which has rarely been more clearly vindicated than in the case of the retiring Viceroy of India. Five years ago he was an unknown quantity; to-day he remains, in the prime of life, a force on which his country may draw for the higher service in the future. We find it difficult to recall many instances where the choice of an untried man for a great post has been more completely justified by his conduct in times of extreme difficulty. Not that any man, on assuming such an office as that which Lord Elgin has filled with conspicuous success, should not foresee the possibility of gigantic obstacles to his career; but he may be forgiven if he does not foresee that misfortune will come during his reign with both hands full. Mr. Gladstone's appointment, twice pressed upon a reluctant recipient, has been most brilliantly justified by the event. We may set it against the unhappy instance of Lord Ripon, and admit that there is a balance to the credit of the Liberal Premier. "Bon chien chasse de race" is rarely true of the sons of statesmen; but the present Earl of Elgin may boast that his title, already illustrated by the great services of his father and grandfather, has acquired at his hands a fresh claim to the grateful recognition of his countrymen.

The modest speech in which he recapitulated the events of his rule, and indicated his hopes for the future, is worthy of the noblest traditions of our public service, and especially of that branch which performs its task in India, where there is daily done for the benefit of humanity more really good yet unrecognised work than any other people could show at any period of the world's history. There is no public official who receives less adequate acknowledgment for his services than an Indian Civil servant, and what recognition he does receive is probably founded on inaccurate grounds. We enjoy the prestige derived from the Government of India, which, indeed, is the real source of it in the eyes of mankind; but we are unable to estimate the true nature or scope of the work done. Perhaps that is as well. Parliamentary interference with Indian government is always disastrous, and, if ignorance abated criticism, it would be folly indeed for our legislators to be wise. But the telegraph has only brought out more clearly the incapacity of people at home to control Indian administration.

It is they who cannot, or will not, grasp this patent fact who are the boldest critics of Indian statesmen. There are, probably, many excellent persons who still cherish the legend, created by certain Radical politicians, that Lord Elgin was a weakling, who became a puppet in the hands of fire-eating soldiers and oppressive magistrates. As a matter of fact he has proved one of the least obtrusive, but one of the most successful among a line of great rulers. Let us take first the uncontested services he has rendered. During his years of office 3,500 miles of railway have been opened in India. He has been both praised and blamed for excess of zeal in his railway policy; but he has at least done this much, he has instituted a system whereby the claims of competing railway schemes, which come before the Government in hundreds, are quickly and justly disposed of after due examination. One result, and that peculiarly important in India, apart from the generally civilising influence of the railway, has been that during the terrible years of 1896 and 1897 the peninsula has been able, in a way never known before, to rely on its own stores of grain. This doubtless was one of the reasons why the effects of a most grievous famine were warded off, or mitigated, more successfully than ever before. We do not forget the generosity of this country, nor should the Viceroy, whose wisdom made a timely and effective appeal to the national purse, be forgotten. The treatment of the plague has been the subject of some criticism; but its details were not under the control of the Viceroy; in any case its appearance laid fresh tasks upon the administration, on which a famine usually makes all the demands it is adequate to meet. All these expenses had to be borne by an already heavily burdened Treasury, but the brave and sagacious words of Lord Elgin, regarding the resources of India, should be read by all who are tempted to

despair of its financial future. The rate of exchange during the current year has only varied 3 per cent., as against a fluctuation of 11 or 12 previously, and the desired goal of 16*d.* to the rupee has been almost attained. We think there is much in the appeal that the Indian Government should not be called upon to pay too high an interest. After all labour is cheap, the resources of the country are being daily opened up, and the protection of England gives India a stability which many European States may envy.

In all the matters alluded to Lord Elgin has legitimate ground for satisfaction; but it is not on these that his claims to be considered a great Viceroy will be disputed or upheld. The Native Press Act, and the frontier wars, are the matters on which controversy has raged, and he wisely has touched upon them with the lightest hand. He can afford to abstain from insisting on a matter in which the vast majority of informed persons are of his opinion, but he would have been more than human if he had not hinted at the ungenerous treatment meted out to him by some members of his own party.

With regard to the Press, results have fully justified the Indian Government. It cannot be beneficial for the subjects of any realm to read coarse and virulent abuse of their rulers, but what is contemptible in the West becomes dangerous in the East. There is no unalterable rule with regard to Press Censorship; the criterion of its value as an institution is the mental condition of the people who read the newspapers. A Frederick the Great ordering his men to paste libels on himself low enough for the people to read, is magnanimous in Berlin but demented in Calcutta. Every native who writes in a newspaper would fain be regarded as a patriot fighting against tyranny;

*"ed un Marcel diventa
Ogni villan che parteggiando viene."*

But the warrior and the man of the people do not comprehend a Government which allows itself to be insulted, and they form the real public opinion of India.

Finally, in the debated question of the frontier wars Lord Elgin is justified by results; but he must have keenly felt for a time the action of his political friends. It may be superfluous to call attention to the singularly infelicitous choice of a battle-ground, on the two occasions when the Opposition has challenged the foreign policy of the Government. The Soudan expedition requires no excuse; but the frontier wars were, it is true, marked by errors at first which everyone knows were not the fault of the Viceroy, but are to be imputed to certain frontier authorities, who shall be nameless. The attempt to brand Lord Elgin as the tool of a military clique is one of the meanest episodes of party strife known to our Parliamentary history. In this Mr. Asquith was the principal sinner. It is to be deeply regretted that a man of the calibre of Sir Henry Fowler should have allowed himself to be associated with so despicable an attack upon his former colleague, from which Lord Rosebery with his customary astuteness held aloof. The attempt to convict a public servant upon a private telegram came to this—that the late Government asked for explanations of the Viceroy's attitude, but offered no alternative policy before they left office. So little weight indeed did the Liberal Cabinet attach to the charge of bad faith, that at the Cabinet Council, when the whole matter was discussed, the point as to a possible breach of faith was only mentioned incidentally after three main propositions had been disposed of. To point to the outbreak among the tribes as the result of making a road to Chitral is idle, in face of the fact that the tribes along the road did not rebel, and that the only alternative to the policy adopted by the Indian Government would have resulted in the betrayal of the tribes who had stood by us. A reputation for good faith is worth a quarter of a million of men on the Indian frontier, and the Viceroy, who would have risked it to please politicians at home, would have indeed been guilty, in Mr. Asquith's unhappy phrase, of "a gross breach of faith." The cause of the trouble, it may be inevitable, lay in the Durand agreement, which drew a hard and fast line between India and Afghanistan, and thus brought within the influence of one State or the

other tribes which had formerly ranged freely in a no man's land.

It is *Manchesterthum* run mad to suppose that you can always be at peace with men to whom vendetta is the only serious business of life. The splendid campaign of Sir William Lockhart, and a reputation for meaning what we say, have won us their respect, and a similar policy is the only way to preserve it. Lord Elgin has known how to steer his course evenly between the forward party and its opponents; if he seems to have inclined to the former, that he did so was the inevitable outcome of the policy accepted by the Liberal Government, and rightly, in 1894. That they failed to foresee its evolution does not entitle them to belittle the achievements of their own nominee.

To sum up, Lord Elgin has known how to be patient, silent, and strong; he has guided India through the most critical period she has known since the Mutiny; and the highest proof of his sagacity is that few people at home know how critical it has been. We can wish his successor no better fortune than to walk in his footsteps, but under a clearer sky.

GOVERNMENT AND THE EMBELLISHMENT OF LONDON.

IF our fathers sometimes treated the prophets with contempt, we appear, in a panic of repentance, to be ready to do the bidding of every minor false prophet of the day. Fate gave England in the nineteenth century a detached star from the Renaissance Pleiad, a man who by rights should have been born when Leonardo, Raphael, Bramante, Michael Angelo, were straining in the race for the creation of a supreme heroic monument. What, by unkind accident, no one of them completed Alfred Stevens brought within an ace of completion here: his monument wanted but the addition of that one of the three or four first-rate equestrian statues of the world, which he had modelled, to be the superb missing achievement. The whim of a cathedral chapter left it truncated. Succeeding times have not yet furnished the energy and devotion to cast the statue and place it upon its arch. But meantime money and the will have been forthcoming without stint for all manner of second-rate decoration. Nay, an equestrian statue to the same hero has actually been set up; a monument that must be among the three or four worst of its kind in the world. And now Boadicea is upon us again, with her chariot and horses.

It will be remembered that these very middling gift horses (the work of the late Mr. Thornycroft) were on view at Westminster last spring, so that Londoners might look them in the mouth. Timidity in rejecting a gift, backed by testimonials from "art-circles," appeared to be likely to carry the day. A vote of £5,000 to pay for a pedestal came up before the County Council, and was opposed; but an unexpected intervention checked the whole project at this point. The First Commissioner of Works informed the County Council that it had no power to put up the statue without leave of the Government, and there the matter dropped. Since then, however, the vote has reappeared on the agenda, because, as we are informed, the Government has now withdrawn its opposition. Thus a most convenient veto has been thrown away, and London will have another middle-class monument.

It would be a mistake to spill too many tears over this particular case. The monument will go very well with Westminster Bridge, with the Houses of Parliament, with St. Thomas's Hospital, with Doulton's Works and the Aquarium, with all that modern enterprise has done to embellish the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey. A few monuments more or less cannot make things worse in that unhappy part of the riverside. But with ædiles so accommodating, pious donors so abundant, private enterprise and public bungling in building so pressing, what guarantee have we that parts where an older dignity remains will not be invaded and adorned? Are Waterloo Bridge and Somerset House quite safe with this itch for art? Shall we not some day see an iron bridge with Gothic mouldings and tasty sculpture

thrown across at that point to give facilities for tramway communication, and a building in the sanitary style of South Kensington take the place of Chambers' Palace?

The fear may seem exaggerated, but jealous lovers of the river know how much has already gone, or is doomed to go. Bridges, churches, irrecoverable ancient houses and parks that made its course lovely, are things of the past or threatened, while money is lavished on the destruction of our cathedrals, on tart-like monuments, on machinery for the propagation of bad taste like the Academy and the Government Schools of Design. Putney Bridge has gone, Fulham Church is rebuilt one side, Fairfax House pulled down on the other, and the banks above bridge industriously vulgarised. Further up, the old Hammersmith Church has gone, a marvel of quaintness and old colour outside and in; and a vast, cheap, trade-Gothic building has taken its place. The charming old church at Chiswick has also made way for professional Gothic. Higher still, Kew Bridge is doomed—one of the loveliest in the country for curve, situation, and grouping. A quarrel over the estimates for the new (tramway) bridge delays its fate; but no authority dreams of insisting that the tramway shall make a bridge for itself, and leave one of the rarest compositions of landscape and architecture untouched. After this who will say that Richmond and Kingston Bridges are safe? The view from the Hill itself—that extraordinary sweep of park, unbroken as far as Twickenham—lies at the mercy of the speculator. The Ham side is, perhaps, secure, though Twickenham yearns to construct a bridge and monster hotel on Eel-pie Island, and "develop" the Ham Estate. But on the other side one of the most beautiful sections of the curve hangs now in the balances. The "Marble Hill" estate, long in the market, has changed hands, and rumour has it that this and an adjoining property are to be "developed." To buy it as a public park has proved too costly for the purse of Twickenham. Has Government and has the nation no duty when a part of that royal prospect is in question, that remaining fragment of lordly peace through which the river, hemmed in by towns, still flows? Ham House guards that seclusion on the Surrey side, and till now has been faced by the grey block and lofty trees of Marble Hill. If this landscape is cut into, London loses a matchless silvan effect at her very doors.

We have touched on one or two instances of attempts to beautify London, and one or two points where her ancient property in beauty has been marred or threatened. The moral we draw is this: Commissioners of Works cannot call genius into being; Governments, as Governments are ordinarily constituted or advised, cannot be trusted to patronise art with any discretion. They will do well to be chary in the work of decoration. But the work of guardianship and conservation may well call for their activity, even if it cost money to preserve what is priceless and irreplaceable. Vigilance, pressure, veto, direction given to private generosity, and backing to local effort, these seem to be called for in high places, if we are not to lose all from the past, that gives dignity and amenity to the capital. Does the Griffin by the Temple make up for a landscape ruined at the gates of London?

TARRAGONA.

SEEN from the sea, Tarragona is a cluster of grey houses, full of windows, on a hill rising steeply from the shore; and the grey houses climb to a yellow point, the Cathedral. At the foot of the hill the black line of railway crosses a strip of ruinous land, from which the abrupt rock goes up to the Paseo de Santa Clara; and, leaning there over the railings, one looks down on that strip of ruinous land, whitened harshly by the great open square of the prison, whenever one looks seawards.

And, indeed, all Tarragona is expressed in those two words, ruins and the sea. Whichever way one follows it, it ends in half-hewn rock, and in a new aspect of the sea, and it is built out of the ruins of a Roman colony. The Roman walls themselves, of which such considerable fragments remain, rise on the foundations of a

Cyclopean wall, built of vast unhewn masses of stone; the Cathedral stands on the site of a Moorish mosque; a public square, lined with houses, the Plaza de Fuente, still keeps the form of the Roman circus. Most of the houses in the old town are made out of the ruins of Roman houses, modern windows break out in solid Roman walls, left to end where ruin left them to end; there are Roman fountains in the squares, Roman tombstones are built into the walls of the Archbishop's palace, fragments of triumphal arches are set into the walls about Roman gateways; the "Tower of Charles V." comes up from the tiled roof of the Arsenal, and "Pilate's Tower," once part of the Palace of Augustus, is a prison. And out of all these ruins of great things there has come, for the most part, only something itself dilapidated, to which the ruins lend no splendour. They exist, but half themselves, as if unwillingly made a part of the stagnant life about them, unwillingly closing in the coloured movement of markets, the rapid, short steps of Spanish soldiers. They have seen narrow streets come up in their midst, twisting between them, winding up and down steps, and around corners, and jutting out into irregular squares and odd triangles; doorways, windows, busy iron balconies, flat roofs, the whole idly active Spanish life open to the street, or disappearing behind green *persianas*; and they see the Spaniards still quarrying about them, restless, and leaving their impoverished, fragmentary city still unfinished.

Yet Tarragona has its one marvel, the Cathedral, as the Cathedral has itself its marvel, the cloisters. Its façade, coloured the brown of the earth, and warmed with a tinge of almost ruddy gold, fills the whole space of sky at the end of the steep street by which one approaches it, whose narrow lines indeed cut into the great rose-window, and the arched Gothic portal, in which the Virgin and Child stand in the midst of prophets and apostles, carved simply and devoutly by the thirteenth-century sculptor, who has set over them a Last Judgment in relief, crowded with small, indistinguishable dead, while the great saints—each saint distinct, with his written history beside him—rise visibly from their coffins, and two flying angels blow long trumpets above their heads. Walking round it, by ways which lose and find it again, we see the long, irregular, late Romanesque structure, like house added to house, with its low octagonal turret, exactly the deep, rich colour of plum pudding. Inside, the church, with less of that properly Spanish mystery which we find in the Cathedral at Barcelona, for example, has an ample dignity, and at night, before the altar candles are lit, becomes splendid in shadow. In its detail, in the gradual accumulation of structure and ornament, the statues of the retablo, the windows, doorways, columns, it is in itself an almost complete historical museum of Spanish art in stone. But it is, after all, in the cloisters that one cares chiefly to linger. To walk there, looking between the slim white columns, with their history of the Bible or of the world carved minutely and with mediæval humour on the capitals; looking past them into that inner court where a garden of trees and shrubs blossoms with many greens—the green of palm, of cypress, of oleander; in that coolness under the sunshine visible upon the foliage, is to surrender oneself to an enchanted peace. Here Tarragona at least still sleeps perfectly, in that permanent dream of the Middle Ages.

Ruins and the sea, I have said, make up most of Tarragona; and the sea here has some particular charm of its own, new to me, after all I have seen of the sea. A wide rambla, planted with trees, where, in the afternoon, everyone walks, leads to that iron railing at the cliff's edge from which, but for the pedestal of a modern statue, one could look right through the new town to the open country and the vine-covered hills of the Priorato. To the right is the harbour, with its long curving mole; to the left, a little neck of land runs out into the sea, making a kind of tiny bay; in front, the unlimited sea. At night the gaslit mole becomes a horseshoe with golden nails, the little neck of land might be the first glimpse of a desert island. Something in the point from which one looks down on it, the sense of being almost theatrically perched on the edge of a great balcony, helps, no doubt, to make one look on this view

of the sea as a great spectacle, arranged against a magnificent moving background of clouds. Certainly I never saw the clouds dispose themselves with so conscious an air of being scenery, a background, as about that vast plain of blue sea, pillaring a kind of fleecy dome over it. And the strip of black ruinous land made its own line of footlights, dark-coloured for contrast with that watery, and variable, and gentle brilliance.

It is certain that the expressive quality of Tarragona comes out, not only in the union, but in the emphatic contrast, of sea and ruins. And that particular, harsh, spot on the shore, the great prison, "El Milagro," has its own singular value in the composition. One looks down, from those railings, on the whole inner court, open to the sky, and painted sky-blue, where a line of prisoners sits in the sun, wearing broad-brimmed straw hats, rope-making, and the others stroll about, drink out of earthen pitchers, or sit on great stones, all over the court, or with their backs against the door of the prison-chapel. They have hung up their coats on nails in the wall, and they lounge there in their shirt-sleeves, and white sandal-shoes, exactly as they would lounge in their own doorways. Outside the high white walls, soldiers, with fixed bayonets, stand on guard; and at night, after the prison is silent behind its grated windows, one hears their long cry of "Serenó" echoing other voices from up the hill. And that centre of lives that have come to grief, all that pent-up violence, is set there between the city and the sea, for idle people to look down upon all day; and all day long, beggars, or children, or casual passers, stand leaning over those railings, staring down into the prison-yard. As many people, I think, look at the prison as at the sea; some of them cannot see the sea for the prison, and their eyes stop there on the way. And for everyone who looks at the sea, there is the prison thrusting itself between one's sight and the sea, more desolate than any ruin, a wicked spot which one cannot wipe off from the earth.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

TWO FRENCH AMBASSADORS.

WE are taught in England, or at least we used to be, that "comparisons are odious." French children, perhaps, are not brought up on this excellent precept. "Le Figaro" should surely have pondered it more deeply before endeavouring to institute comparisons between the reserve and tact of English Ambassadors in France, of whom there have been nine since the Restoration of the Bourbons, and the reserve and tact of France's representatives to the Court of St. James', of whom there have been forty-one during the same period. "Le Figaro's" neglect in that respect suggests a recommendation to be less inquisitive for the future, by refreshing its memory with regard to one or two French ambassadors whom most people can remember.

Everyone has heard of Persigny, and of him Lord Malmesbury writes to Lord Cowley on March 2, 1858, "With the best animus, Persigny is so *emporté*, that we cannot reason with him; his vehemence and excitability make interviews anything but agreeable. [Compare Lord Salisbury on his interview with Baron de Courcel.] I wish particularly to avoid any sort of complaint being made of him to his enemy, Walewski, or even to the Emperor upon *this score*, but there is one point which *you must* press upon the Emperor, and which *he must* in his turn press upon Persigny—namely, that it is utterly fatal to the carrying out of delicate operations, or even of routine business, if he repeats to the Opposition all that passes between him and her Majesty's ministers." And lest Lord Cowley himself should find it difficult to approach the Emperor on so ticklish a question without definite charges, Lord Malmesbury supplies them. "After my first conversation on the 20th (ult.), in which we proposed a course somewhat similar to the present" (Lord Malmesbury is referring to the Refugee complication arising out of Orsini's attempt on Napoleon III.'s life), "he went and related the whole to Lord Palmerston, and, that you may not doubt the fact, he himself told me that he had done so, together with Palmerston's observations. You know well enough that, whatever the Government, and whatever the

Opposition, it is impossible to carry on political matters unless the Foreign Ambassadors are tongue-tied with the Opposition. It always was looked upon as a point of honour, just as it is with our own, many of whom must be always opposed to the *de facto* Government in opinions. Pray, then, let him be warned by his *master*, but not by his *fellow-servant*, whom he hates with all the bitterness imaginable."

After all, Persigny's disregard of the diplomatic conveniences might have been known only to a few, and one can only commend Lord Malmesbury for endeavouring to confine that knowledge to a limited circle; although there is a serious doubt whether Walewski himself would have acted in a similar manner if Lord Cowley had taken the Republicans, Orleanists, and Legitimists, into his confidence on the subject of the desired expulsion of the Refugees. Persigny, however, was not satisfied with a small audience; practically he pronounced his views *urbi et orbi*. Twelve days after the date of the above-quoted letter, Lord Malmesbury wrote as follows in his "Journal": "Lady Tankerville dined at Lady Palmerston's, where she met the Persignys . . . Count Kielmansegge, the Hanoverian Minister, told her it was perfectly ridiculous in Persigny to make such scenes because Palmerston was turned out and Lord Derby come in; that a foreign Ambassador ought to have no politics except those of his own country; and it ought to make no difference to him which party was in office, it being his duty to be friends with all. I hope Persigny is really going over, as I am sure it would be both difficult and disagreeable to have anything to do with him. He is perfectly untrustworthy, repeats everything to Lord Palmerston, and never appears to act according to his instructions. The first time I met him at the Foreign Office he literally raved, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword (he was in Court dress), and shouting 'C'est la guerre! c'est la guerre!' The first part of the latter note is evidently based on information supplied by Lady Tankerville, and, lest this evidence should be suspected by the French in general, it is necessary to remind them that Lady Tankerville was by birth a Gramont. A Gramont is necessarily a Legitimist, and therefore suspected of being hostile to everything and everybody belonging to the Second Empire. Not so. The Duc de Guiche, Lady Tankerville's nephew, and subsequently Napoleon's Foreign Minister, as Duc Agenor de Gramont, was one of the first to rally to the restored Napoleonic dynasty.

This in passing. Here is another extract from Lord Malmesbury's letter to Lord Cowley, dated less than a twelvemonth afterwards (January 26, 1859): "I must thank you for the manner in which you have met, without any instructions from me, the idea of the French Government of sending Persigny here again. I will tell you frankly that when Persigny assured you he only saw Palmerston *once* after he left office, it is entirely untrue. When violently insisting on the necessity and ease of passing the Conspiracy Bill, he came out with this: 'J'ai répété à Palmerston *plus d'une fois* tous vos raisonnements, et il me dit qu'il n'y a pas un mot de vrai dans tout cela.' It was then I told him that I must do all business at Paris through *you*, if he saw our opponents and repeated our conversations to them. Before he left Paris, where he was when Palmerston was turned out, he said to several people that in a week he would put him in his place by forcing us to pass the same Bill. I could add half a dozen witnesses to this. For three weeks after he returned, I heard of nothing but his violent language against Lord Derby and me in every salon, and it was the talk and astonishment of the whole Corps Diplomatique to see a French Ambassador holding forth like an electioneering agent. . . . This country is not Spain, and a Government is not to be upset by a Foreign Ambassador."

Thus far Lord Malmesbury. Persigny, it is true, was the envoy of a régime France unhesitatingly condemned, but the late M. Challemlacour was a shining light of the Third Republic. The following are passages from an article which appeared in "Le Figaro" of December 20 or 21, 1881, commenting upon M. Challemlacour's interference in English affairs, and "Le Figaro" was the severest critic of Sir Edmund Monson. After describing M. Challemlacour's philosophical recreations, "Janus" (M. de Bonnières), who was one of "Whist's" (M. Valfrey) predecessors, goes on to say:—"I should certainly not attempt to draw M. Challemlacour from the leisure of his gentle and restful existence, if of late his pre-occupations had not turned with a kind of complacency towards Ireland, and if he did not attempt in that respect to intervene in Mr. Gladstone's counsels. It was reserved for Ireland to divert M. Challemlacour from his nonchalant diplomatism, which professes to despise 'the career' and its usages because he has not succeeded in them."

"M. Challemlacour," the article further says, "is entirely engrossed with Ireland. In fact, so engrossed is he as to have led English Ministers to remark that he is engrossed with nothing else. The other day Lord Granville said in a despairing tone to one of his friends, 'M. Challemlacour talks of nothing but Ireland.' And then he added, 'I should like to know somebody who has sufficient influence over M. Challemlacour to tell him in confidence, and to assure him, that he may talk "politics" to me.' I translate Lord Granville's words verbatim; but I suppose that by the word 'politics' his lordship means 'something different from Irish affairs. I can assure you that the Foreign Office does not take kindly to M. Challemlacour's meddling. I wonder what would have happened if Lord Lyons had entered the arena for the expelled religious congregations, and for M. Baudry d'Asson, confined to *le petit local* (equivalent to our clock tower). The fact is, M. Parnell is in prison; and this has proved too much for the sensibility of M. Challemlacour, who has intervened in his favour; for which intervention I should not blame him, if he were acting simply as a private individual."

So, after all, the English ambassador was no worse than a distinguished ambassador of the French Republic, who again was no worse than his undiplomatic predecessor of the Second Empire. Let us cry "quits."

BURNE-JONES.

Exhibition of his Works at the New Gallery, and of Drawings and Studies at the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

IN a gracefully written preface to the catalogue of the New Gallery collection of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's work, Mr. Comyns Carr cites some pregnant sentences from a letter written to him by the artist, among them these: "Rossetti gave me courage to commit myself to imagination without shame—a thing both bad and good for me. It was Watts much later who compelled me to try and draw better." No words could more exactly define the painter's attitude; it was hardly Mr. Carr's business to understand all their bearings, the first part only was his text; but to draw out their full significance would explain alike the enthusiasm and disdain that the work of the dead master excites, and any serious attempt to anticipate the judgment of Time, that will come to bury the mortal part as well as to praise the enduring, must take account not only of unashamed imagination, but also of reluctant drawing.

What is the attitude? Rossetti required of drawing no more than the illustration of poetry; once a mood, an expression, a significant gesture was tellingly fixed, designed to give it importance and mystery to the eye, and drugged with heady colour, all was done. This was the province of the imagination. Outside lay "drawing better," conceived as a field where stupid men unprofitably laboured and clever men unprofitably showed off their cleverness. Burne-Jones, holding this faith from Rossetti, has yet a certain misgiving. He is compelled by Watts to "try and draw better." The phrase suggests that it was not the driving impulse of his art to "draw better," the passion or pleasure of creation burned elsewhere; it was rather a concession to outside standards of finish; his own desire was satisfied, his idea expressed, by more rudimentary signs. Why, then, draw better? Rossetti would have bullied the doubt. "What is Leonardo to me, if I have said what I wanted to say?" Burne-Jones feels that it may be expected of a thorough workman to carry things to this unreason-

able pitch. He subjects the drawing learned from Rossetti, accordingly, to an academicising process, giving it, I mean, the superficial aspect of an art produced by the passion of form, without himself sharing the passion to that degree. Rossetti himself, when he tried to realise his designs on a large scale, found it necessary to fill in the blanks with some kind of modelling; Burne-Jones went further; in the nudes of several large compositions he tried conclusions with an art different in its root from his own.

His own was the illustration of a particular kind of poetry, and so far and so often as that kind of poetry holds sway, his art will exercise its spell. The impulse that fascinated Tennyson is the lost battle and mysterious end of his hero, and reluctantly sent him back to the beginning of his story—the yearning of pitifully doomed lovers, the marsh-hunt of the Grail, the coils of sleep in Lotos-land and Avalon, blind dream-phantoms that grope in waste places, the song of the Siren, the glamour of the under-world, the dragons and the deeps, all the romantic legend and night-embroidery of English poetry streamed through Rossetti and Burne-Jones with startling novelty into English graphic art. Since Blake, no man had thus “committed himself without shame” to his imagination; the excursions had all been made with academic governesses, and English painters were practically too illiterate or too professionally bound to translate into actual drawing what finally with Keats and Tennyson was thrilling over into pictures. This translation Rossetti effected with the intensity and Burne-Jones with the prodigal inventiveness, that so rich and neglected a text invited. We are all its witnesses, all who have responded to the poetry of our time.

There is no need to labour this side of the matter for those who are temperamentally moved by such strains, but the spell does not work equally for all, nor even at all times for the sensitive, and what I shall here attempt is to indicate to the intolerant devotee that there is another side to the matter, another world of art to which the key is “drawing better.” The art with which we have been dealing may be said to extend itself laterally; imagination means for it multiplying the circumstances in which a fixed image of life appears, a mask has been built up with one expression stamped upon its features, and the pleasure of the art is to pursue this through a succession of scenes and incidents, invention being really limited to those scenes, circumstances, incidents, and not attacking, not going back upon, the image of life. There is another art which proceeds not laterally on the same level, but, so to speak, vertically, digging ever more deeply, and seeing not the same thing in different circumstances, but the same thing differently, more finely, more profoundly. Imagination to this art means not re-dressing but transforming the image. The first is an invention of new groupings under one mood, the other a discovery in vision itself, and with it of a perpetually transfigured trance bound up with the brooding, close grappling, engendering act of seeing.

The comparison that lies to our hand at the moment is between the art of Rembrandt and the art of Burne-Jones, but so tremendous a comparison would be unfair. I will take rather a modern instance, almost exactly complementary in quality and defect. In Ingres we have a draughtsman who was quite insensitive to the romantic feelings that inspire modern poetry, and who had not a tithe of the teeming inventiveness of rare situation and pose, nor command of the appealing facial expression that marked the Englishman. He was academical on the side of subject, as Burne-Jones was academical on the side of drawing. He was more insensitive to colour, regarding that and tone as a mere explanatory filling in of form. On a whole range of emotional keys, then, he gives no response. But he was possessed by a passion for the apprehension of vital form, for the purification and simplification of its expression, for the beauty that lies in the logic of construction. Under this impulsion he was in no hurry to pass from one illustration to another of his own fancy or another's; “drawing better” was to him the whole of art, and it meant making, and unmaking, and remaking the image, pressing ever closer to a lucid and eloquent expression of its life.

At this point in the argument one is brought up by

the question, But what is the use of this eloquence if nothing is said? Nothing is said to the man who is chiefly literary, to whom circumstances and an approximate facial expression are the whole image; he must be content with the illustrators. But on the other side of his limitations a sense extends, to which the beauty of vital form and character speaks directly, is significant and moving apart from being nailed to one text or incident. Take Ingres, to make matters as equal as possible, at his most hampered, using the unaccustomed medium of lithography, and producing therefore a surface that approaches in unpleasantness the oil-painting of Burne-Jones. With all this obstruction, his drawing of an odalisque provides a source of delight inexhaustible to the eye and mind, so living and just is the relation of part to part, so penetrated are the several members by the flowing energy of the whole. The eye reads it from end to end, and returns and follows and begins again. Drawing like this depends on no one fashion or sentiment; it is a fountain that taps deeper and more permanent sources of poetry. Turn from this to a Burne-Jones, and we find often an admirably conceived disposition of the body, an emphatic intention in the eyes, beauties of detail in feet and hands; but the body is built up painfully of separate pieces with gaps and dead junctions. If the particular motive of the design misses fire, nothing remains of more deeply vital interest. We stumble over limbs and bodies; they do not take hold of us with their own charm and hurry us on with quickened faith to take in the whole.

At this point, again, the objector may intervene, asking, But what, then, of all those studies? What are they but tireless interrogations of nature in preparation for pictures? Here we see scores of drawings attached to a single work; where shall we find more constant and painful trial and revision? A little examination will show that the drawings prove my point. There are some among them, it is true, that rise to a high pitch of excellence, such as the heads for the “Masque of Cupid,” the studies for “The Passing of Venus,” hands for the “Days of Creation,” and others. But the greater number are almost stationary in the matter of drawing; they are trials of pose, pegs for drapery, and so forth. No man can stand absolutely still; and the later drawings lose all life, and retain merely a flicker of expression. Compare the hands studied for “Avalon” with those for earlier designs.*

It is, after all, before the uninspired parts of this enormous production that one is driven to what may sound grudging distinctions. When the legend has really kindled all the maker's powers, we may forget to criticise. The “Depths of the Sea” is the supreme example. What in many of the pictures is a vague appealing woefulness in the faces of elaborated dolls, takes meaning here and life in the soft inhuman glee of the mermaid. Design, that in other pieces wastes itself in motiveless twistings, gathers itself together here with grave monumental energy, giving but one superb inflection to the downward shooting lines; the colour is happily almost monochrome as in the “Fortune,” “Days of Creation,” and “Golden Stairs,” and the drawing itself becomes more nervous and expressive with the magnificent opportunity given to it. This is surely one of the immortal inventions of illustrative art. Not less wonderful for invention is the ecstasy of sleep in the third scene of the “Briar Rose.” Here again is the adequate subject for an ever-present motive, and by all the power of this aptness the ingenious geometry of the “Days of Creation” or the “Golden Stair” and the figures that have drowsed through a score of too active scenes are locked by sleep in a richer rhythm. This picture unluckily is not at the New Gallery, nor is the Graham piano, with its perfect designs, nor the “Sea Nymph,” the picture in which the oil paint becomes for once tolerable and the colour decorative.

In default of these there is a very full collection of early Rossetti-like water colours. These prove to what an extent misapprehension of the oil medium hindered and smothered the artist's colour sense, and forced his drawing to be only an approximation to his intention. Never was such ingenuity spent in evading

* A proposal has been made to buy “Avalon,” the painter's last work, for the nation. The subscribers would be better advised to wait till some work of a better period comes into the market.

the expressive use of pigment; and the tax paid to timidity in breaking with habits of work, and to ambition that yet demanded the larger scale, is heavy indeed. It is hard work to get past the colours and textures of "Venus's Mirror," the "Chant d'Amour," the "Mill," the "Laus Veneris," and recognise how imaginative was the planning of these places of vision, and that the colour itself was imaginatively planned, but wrecked by a misunderstood medium.

At the Burlington Fine Arts Club enjoyment is less impeded. Here the prolific invention works freely, well fitted for expression and decoration with a pencil line, and things are drawn of the size they were born. Here are fragments of the immense scheme of illustration for the "Earthly Paradise" and other books of Morris, "who began everything for me." Morris's verse was a kind of half-way house to Burne-Jones's drawing. He illustrated in verse the poetry that the other illustrated in line. This gallery is the monument of a fruitful partnership, and in drawings like those for the initial letters of a Vergil we find the finest things of the kind done in modern times; perhaps also the most perfect work of their author.

D. S. M.

"LA BURGONDE"; AND THE PARIS OPÉRA.

WERE Mr. Betjemann to compose an opera, one might or might not be surprised. Were the Covent Garden management to accept and produce it, one would certainly be surprised. Were the opera to be successful, one would be extremely surprised. For Mr. Betjemann is first fiddler at Covent Garden; and in England we know that whoso can do one thing can do no other thing. At all events, we have made up our minds that whoso does one thing to our satisfaction shall never be allowed to do another thing. We critics would make horrible fun of Mr. Betjemann. We would point out that the opera was written by a first fiddler with merely a first fiddler's view of things, that only the first fiddle part was well written, that the words of the libretto had been managed to make them fit melodies evidently designed for the first fiddle. We would end by jocularly recommending the cobbler to stick to his last and the first fiddler to his first fiddle. Such a people are we. How different in France! They positively enjoy for its own sake any man's sudden change of rôle. Mr. Vidal, I am informed, occupies a position in Paris similar to Mr. Betjemann's position here. He suddenly pops up, opera score in hand, and tries to show himself capable of things not expected of him. Of course the coup has not come off quite so dramatically as might have been wished. Mr. Vidal has set down a great many notes before; and this particular opera has been much talked of—judging from the Paris papers, too much talked of. But in spite of these drawbacks, Mr. Vidal has made a considerable success as dramatic artist, as actor—in fact I may say, without meaning to be disagreeable, as mountebank. As composer he has had little success: his opera is so very bad that he did not in this capacity deserve to have any success at all; but there he is, every-other-nightly (or thereabout) enjoying due to the man who can do at least two things.

"La Burgonde," I say, is bad, downright bad: I have seldom heard a much worse opera. But Mr. Vidal cannot altogether be blamed. I have already made a confession as to my French in these columns. But when the French papers tell me that the librettists, Messrs. Emile Bergerat and Camille de Sainte-Croix, are very eminent literary personages indeed, I want to refer the French newspaper writers to the librettists' achievement. To achieve anything really worth achieving in literature—this will be readily granted—demands in the very first place a certain minimum of intelligence. In the book of "La Burgonde" there is no sign of that minimum. Yet it cannot be called a stupid book. Stupidity, indeed, implies a wistful longing and a pathetic striving to take advantage of any chance glimmerings of sense that may visit the stupid man; but in the book of "La Burgonde" there is no indication of any such longing or striving. From beginning to end it is candidly incoherent and inept. With

all the assurance of pompous inability they chose a story in which everything depended on the handling. They found a drama of love and jealousy enacted amidst all the uproar of a mediæval war-camp; and this is what they have made of it. Three hostages are held by Attila: Gautier of Aquitaine, Hagen of Worms, and Ilda the Burgonde. The last is a pretty young woman; and in a conventional French piece, manufactured by ultra-conventional French writers, it is inevitable that the first two, besides Attila himself, should promptly fall in love with her. A Frenchman, of course, cannot look upon a woman without beginning straightway to die for love of her. But of course we know the Frenchman's love-sickness to be a polite affectation: what he really means is that he knows the woman to be dying for love of him. Every Frenchman, it goes without saying, is irresistible: the invincible fascinations of each one positively form a source of danger to the virtue of the female portion of the human race; and no Frenchman can understand how any other man than himself can be loved. So Hagen, in the fourth line given to him in the "Burgonde," says (addressing Attila, who luckily is not there to hear): "Tu demandes en vain des paroles d'amour; Il ne monte vers toi que des chants d'esclavage." Gautier also is sublimely cocksure of his fatal gift of attraction, and does as a matter of fact win the day. Attila alone seems to feel dimly that women are not necessarily enamoured of a man with thoughts and manners and person of an habitually inebriated café-loafer. Gautier is bold, and, like Mr. Dupret, whiles away his leisure by killing ferocious boars as a light sort of amusement. Hagen, for some reason carefully concealed from the spectators, skulks at home, although the librettists would not by any means have him deemed cowardly. Ilda appears to possess all the modesty and readiness to lie of a courtesan. So here we have all the elements of a fashionable boudoir-tragedy. Hagen's father dies, and Hagen departs, ostensibly to assume his father's crown; Gautier meets Ilda, and they arrange to run away. They do run away; and Attila is in despair. A masked cavalier offers to catch them, on condition that he will be given, as reward, a certain lady whom he describes—describes very inaccurately, by the way, as the audience knows. Catch them he does; Gautier is condemned to die; Ilda is told she must enter Attila's harem; and though Hagen points out that she is the lady he meant, Attila replies that he may whistle for her. Hagen thereupon has an acute attack of remorse; he saves Gautier and is himself killed; Ilda quietly makes away with Attila; and she and Gautier go off triumphant, singing gaily in praise of the "Dieu du jour, Dieu de l'amour." This is the whole story. Of the atmosphere of a camp of turbulent, barbarous robbers there is no trace; Attila is a senile philanderer; Ilda what I have said; Gautier a stuffed lay figure; Hagen a contemptible scoundrel. No motive in the drama arises out of any essential element in our humanity; everything is artificial to the last degree, everything is prettily scented, neatly tricked out in ribbons for the French market. And it would take more space than I can afford to show how lamely, loosely, the incidents are strung together. A more clumsily constructed libretto was never offered to a hapless composer: simply it is not constructed at all: it is a very nightmare of a libretto. Of course a divertissement-ballet is forced in at a suitable moment—at a moment suitable, that is, to the occupants of the boxes. I chiefly remember a number of men pirouetting, skipping and grinning like ballet-girls—a loathsome spectacle. Possibly the librettists objected to this, for when it is all over they slyly make Attila say, "Burgonde! verse-moi du vin. Ce spectacle a creusé dans ma gorge un ravin!" It certainly made me athirst for its inventor's blood.

A great composer could not possibly have spun fine music round such stuff. Mr. Vidal is not a great composer; and, to do him the barest justice, apparently he has not tried to do what a great composer could not have done. His score is as inept as the libretto. A genuine theme never arrives. Now and then a chance phrase, catching enough to make a moderately successful music-hall song, clings to the ear for a moment—nay, even now I remember the ghastly commonplaceness of "Quand s'élève ton pur glaive," which was as

an oasis in the desert ; but for the most part the series of sounds or noises drifts uneasily along, meaningless passage following meaningless passage, without sense or beauty. Even the ballet-music is without prettiness or piquancy. A passage given to Mr. Alvarez in the love-duet excited the *claque* to the wildest enthusiasm : it was printed on the back page of the "Figaro" ; and I recommend those who want to realise the depth of depraved taste to which French music has fallen to purchase it (it is called "O Dieu du jour"). Such a duet would be hissed in a London music-hall. To me the crowning exasperation is the treatment of the voice parts. Again and again an opportunity occurs for a singer to score a dramatic or melodramatic point ; again and again the composer sends the singer off with some totally unsingable phrase in his or her weakest register. The vocal parts, you see, had to fit the orchestral parts ; and it is obvious that the composer—like so many composers before him—thought his attempt after Wagnerian continuous development would cover a multitude of bad melodies. Often it does cover them, literally ; often for twenty to thirty bars at a time one can hear nothing of the voices for the instrumental blaring and screaming which the French term brilliant modern orchestration. A bass wandering aimlessly amongst the low F's, G's, A's, and B flats, while the trombones, trumpets, horns and a battery of wood wind make merry over his struggles, is an amusing sight, but it does not afford much gratification to the ear. But it is unjust to the composer to single out passages thus. Let me be just and declare that the music is from beginning to end weak, bald, barren, meaningless, unmelodious, and generally ugly. The stream of noises flows on until one begins to feel that this must be a nightmare. It seems inconceivable that an educated audience should have the self-control to sit in patience under such an enormous temptation to descend and sweep the performers out of the theatre.

The management that thought such a work worth producing might be expected to produce it in an appropriate manner. That they have done so cannot be denied. Just as the composer has squandered recklessly the wealth of instrumental effects at his disposal and made no real effect, so the management have recklessly squandered the cash at their disposal and made no real effect. The scenes are expensively got up ; at the same time they are either hideous or silly. The tent prepared for one of Attila's great drinking bouts was daintily decked with Liberty fabrics and modern drawing-room furniture. The stage management would be thought wretched even at Covent Garden. Lights came and went as they listed. The first scene is supposed to open in the dark of early dawn ; and we were given broad daylight. Extra lights came on with the first prima donna. In the course of half-an-hour evening came gently down ; but when Ilda stole out of her tent for a love interview with Gautier under the cover of night, every light in the theatre was turned on with an abruptness that startled even the *claque* into some mistimed applause. Every detail was mismanaged. The ballet, for which the Opera is supposed to be famous, is deplorable. It consists mainly of elderly angular females devoid of grace and skill : one seemed to hear their aged joints squeaking as they tried to hop on the light fantastic toe. They are quite untrained : they rushed about like a herd of lost sheep and incessantly found themselves in a state of elaborate confusion. And as for the acting, it was too French and too operatic to be called acting at all. After the absurdities of the first quarter of an hour, it seemed as nothing when two people went to opposite sides of the stage and, turning their backs on each other, bawled their asides into the stage-boxes. Gautier, Ilda, Attila, Pyrrha and Hagen were never away from the footlights. Once indeed Ilda got so very near the edge that I trembled for the unfortunate bandsman beneath her. Probably, however, she was recalled to a sense of his danger when her garments began to singe ; for she moved back fully an inch and a half, and the impending catastrophe was averted. And this is what is called operatic acting in what is called the first opera-house in Europe.

It is the worst opera-house in Europe. It is an artistic pesthouse. There is nothing inessential, artifi-

cial, false and evil in art that does not find a home there, no bad old tradition that is not cherished, no good thing, nothing sweet, lovely, fresh, and true, that is not repulsed from its doors with contumely. It is a greater curse to Paris than the Philharmonic Society to London. It would be as unfair to judge Paris by it as to judge London by the Philharmonic Society. It merely represents the worst side of Paris. And it is this representative of the worst side of Paris that is regarded by Covent Garden as a model for imitation. If a gentleman of singular inability appears there, and pays enough to win hearty applause from that stupid abomination the *claque*, he is immediately foisted upon us as the latest Paris success. He generally appears twice or thrice at Covent Garden and then slinks back to a land where applause can be bought more cheaply than here. If the gentlemen-amateurs who control our opera for us cannot stand upon their own legs, cannot do things in their own way, I cannot understand why they go to the Grand Opéra for assistance and an exemplar instead of to the Opéra Comique. There, at any rate, things are done in a workmanlike way. Band, scenic arrangements, singers, are frequently excellent ; and in such works as "Orfeo," and even in "Carmen" and "Mignon," one may see something resembling true acting. Lately Covent Garden has begun to pay special attention to Paris, and I also have begun to pay special attention to it. The result is that I am startled to find things so bad there, astonished that I had never noticed before how rapidly things are moving back. And I declare that if Covent Garden follows Paris, we shall soon have no opera at all. The English people—even the society section that keeps Covent Garden—will not stand opera done in the Grand Opéra fashion. If Covent Garden is extinguished, it will be a pity. It is bad enough, heaven knows ; but it is better than nothing, just a little better than nothing. J. F. R.

R. I. P.

AS a theatrical year, 1898 passed away last Saturday night, at the Royalty Theatre, very peacefully. "A Little Ray of Sunshine!" it gasped feebly ; then, with a wan smile it turned its face to the wall, and the dramatic critics, when they knew that all was over, stole quietly, decorously, away to compose its epitaph. *Requiescat*—"let it lie." That is quite the kindest thing we can sincerely say of 1898.

Last moments have always a melancholy interest : else should I find even less than I do find to say of "A Little Ray of Sunshine." As a play, it seemed to me very trite and tame, though its author had cunningly sought to disarm criticism by suffusing it with a Yulish glow. When people are standing on ladders, with a trail of holly in one hand, and a hammer in the other, it cannot—so the author seems to have argued—much matter whether they say anything really amusing, and intrinsic sentiment may be dispensed with whilst Christmas carols are being sung "off." For my own part, I was not disarmed by these sly devices. I can imagine that in June or July they might charm me and win me over, but at this time of the year they come only as a surfeit. After laboriously filling oneself with goodwill ; after beaming fixedly all round, stamping imaginary snow from one's boots, rubbing one's hands to the bone, and shouting the compliments of the season till one is hoarse ; after feigning intense excitement about the contents of crackers, dissembling one's dread of snap-dragon, and ruining oneself in tips ; after being for a whole week, as in duty bound, hale, hearty, bluff, hopeful, greedy, tender and forgiving, one cannot gain any real pleasure from a play which has Christmas for its mainspring. "A Little Ray of Sunshine" is simply a Christmas pudding minus flame and spirit, and I doubt (though, for Mr. Penley's sake, I hope) that there is a sixpence in it. The best I can say for it is that it gives Mr. Penley a chance of proving, once and for all, his inability to play anything in the nature of sentiment. His voice alone—so delightful in pure farce—is enough to preclude him. To chant all words religiously on one high note is one of his most amusing tricks, but it is

fatal to pathos. When, at the close of this play, he tells the story of his life, in a speech evidently charged with pathetic import, there is not a moist eye in the audience. He is a virtuoso in the grotesque, and he cannot get beyond the grotesque. However, it is just as well that he has made his little experiment—so long as he does not repeat it.

So much for the last moments of 1898. So much for the close of an even, harmless, insignificant career. Looking back on it, I can find scarcely one occasion on which it rose above mediocrity, few on which it sank beneath that level. Stagnation was its prime attribute. Mr. Jones, the most interesting figure in our tiny ring of dramatists, wrote one amusing play, but nothing worthy of his best gifts—of the gifts which distinguish him among his *confrères*. As a man of ideas, of strenuous and vivid sympathy with life, he is, I think, wasted in that line of artificial comedy to which he has been devoting himself. Mr. Pinero, whose strength seems to lie, not in any great force of mind or sympathy with life, but rather in his technical skill and engaging temperament, wrote one little play which, though it appealed chiefly to members of the theatrical profession, had a *succès de crinoline* with the public. It was a pretty little thing, but how far inferior to Mr. Pinero's early farces! Mr. Grundy, that cynic, seems content to go down to posterity as a man who knew the French language and the British public. The glamour of mediæval romance has been too much for Messrs. Parker and Carson, whom Nature so well equipped as humourists; they have swathed themselves in heavy cloaks, and donned hats whose plumage gets into their eyes, and swords which trip them up. I implore the authors of "Rosemary" and "Gudgeons" to disrobe. Mr. Esmond may now come out of the corner in which he was stood after "Cupboard Love," beg everyone's pardon, and write a good play. There are other authors who have contributed to the year's drama, but they are not remarkable enough for me to recall their names. Stay! I had forgotten Mrs. Craigie, whose *début* was a delight to me. As a student of her books, I have formed a certain opinion of what are her true gifts, and I trust she will not be beguiled from that line of artificial comedy, touched with human sympathy, in which she is so excellent. I would urge her not to overstep that line, as earnestly as I urge Mr. Jones to become serious. Also, I had forgotten Mr. Anthony Hope's "Lady Ursula;" but I do not know that it deserves very clear recollection. In vain do I search my memory for any work of vital originality. The past year has been utterly barren of great work, barren of any sign that great work is at hand. Of the two really fine plays that I have seen in the past year, neither has any connection with modern British drama. The author of "Julius Cæsar" was an Elizabethan; the author of "Pelleas and Melisande" is a foreigner, and a phoenix at that. Sad, that these two men should have written the only first-rate plays produced here in 1898! Both "Julius Cæsar" and "Pelleas and Melisande" were successes of surprise. We are accustomed to suppose that the Shakespearian plays which we have not seen too often must be unsuitable for the stage, and it thrilled us to find in "Julius Cæsar" a moving, vivid drama, and not the chilly bas-relief we had imagined it. Likewise, we, who knew M. Maeterlinck only as a mystic poet, were amazed by the intense humanity, the true drama, of "Pelleas and Melisande." All credit to Mr. Tree and Mr. Robertson for their experiments! But one wishes that the best available talent in dramaturgy did not happen to be either archaic or alien. One wishes that, in the few London theatres not consecrated to dull farce or musical comedy, one could find more assurance that real drama is a fairly flourishing concern. Why is it that, whilst fine books have been published during the past year—many of them by young writers—not one fine play has been produced? In a word, why is our drama so inferior, intellectually and artistically, to our literature? Perhaps these questions are asked in every generation, in every country. Drama is always handicapped by its direct dependence on the public. Publishers are far more accessible than managers to original genius. To publish the works of a young Meredith or Pater does not bring in any immediate return in cash or prestige—

probably it entails a loss at first; but there is every chance that the loss will be counterbalanced hereafter, when the public has been bullied into admiration. Meanwhile, the publisher can support himself by giving the public what it buys at once and of its own accord. But to produce a new kind of play is a very expensive proceeding. The public, having groaned on the first night, stays away on the second, and the distracted manager must either give it once more the kind of thing to which it is accustomed or pass through the bankruptcy-court; in fact, he cannot, as can the publisher, afford to wait while the public is being educated. Unlimited exchequer, and unlimited enthusiasm for art, might enable him to do so, but unfortunately he is seldom blessed with both these advantages. He fights shy, therefore, of youthful genius. When a recognised dramatist strikes out a new line, his play can be produced with some prospect of success—his name may tide it over. Such progress as is made in the theatre is mostly due to the qualms of conscience suffered by dramatists who have previously enriched themselves by pandering to the stupidity of the public. The conversion of the public is a necessary factor in dramatic progress. And thus it is that drama must always limp and lag far behind the other arts, which can advance without the public's acquiescence. Knowing that it can wreck any play which displeases it, make bankrupt any manager, terrorise any players, the public is far more confident in its opinion of plays than in its opinion of books or other works of art, and is less easily converted from its own crassness. And, undoubtedly, this dreadful state of things frightens away many men who have it in them to write fine plays. Artistic genius is a coy and timid thing—it shrinks from that personal exposure which is one of the conditions of dramatic art. Why, it argues, should it put its head in the pillory of a theatre, when there are laurel-wreaths to be won quite quietly in literature? It may long to express itself in dramatic form, but the theatre bristles with terrors for it. Ah, if only the public could be dispensed with! It cannot be. The most one can hope for is (1) some young man (or men) of artistic genius, in whom love of dramatic form is stronger than dread of the theatre, and (2) some enthusiastic person (or persons) who, with an unlimited amount of money, will lease a good theatre and devote it exclusively, for some years, to the plays of the young man (or men). There can be no doubt that in recent years, theatrical conventions, (not to be confused with dramatic conventions), have grown stronger and stronger, narrower and narrower. Playwriting is now overlaid with an agglomeration of petty difficulties not inherent in the art—large, free treatment of any theme is practically barred on the modern stage. With such a theatre and with such plays as I have suggested, one might, in course of years, educate the public, or rather make the public un-learn its present canons of taste and judgment. Once this were done, English drama would begin to show more signs of life, and . . . but I am Utopian. As yet, I see no sign of the young man (or men) with the irresistible genius for drama, nor of the wealthy person (or persons) with the beautiful enthusiasm. So perhaps I had better content myself with hoping that drama will in 1899 tread the old road a little more nimbly, a little less miserably, than it did in 1898.

MAX.

FINANCE.

IT would be too much to say that the Stock Markets have been actually despondent during the first week of the New Year, but it is nevertheless true that the sanguine anticipations of active business which were freely expressed in the closing days of 1898 have not yet been realised in the first seven days of 1899. There have been no political excursions and alarms during the week to account for the disappointing record. Actual warfare seems far more distant than it seemed a couple of months ago. Yet it is clear that the world is not quite easy in its mind. China is not yet partitioned, but the unstable equilibrium of the great Empire of the Far East is as patent as ever, and it only needs that Russia, England, and France, shall go on working against each other there for a little while longer for

new difficulties to arise which may not be shelved so easily as former ones. The United States are apparently going to have no easy task in the pacification of the Philippines. There appears to be the possibility of renewed difficulties in Siam. Portugal seems less inclined than ever to alienate her colonies in South Africa. Attempts have been made to set up a fresh scare with regard to the position of affairs in the Transvaal. All these considerations have probably had their effect in causing uneasiness in the public mind, but they would all probably have been counteracted, so far as the Stock Markets are concerned, by the improved outlook in general at the beginning of the New Year, had it not been for the pronounced weakness of the Paris Bourse. Paris financiers are decidedly alarmed at the turn which the Dreyfus affair is taking, and although on this side of the Channel we are inclined to believe that the expected *coup d'état* is not in the least likely to come off, and that Pretenders who announce publicly their intention of doing something more than "pretending" next week or the week after need scarcely be taken into account, the Paris Bourse has been nervous and weak. Large quantities of securities have been sold there, and the money has been sent to London to be invested in Consols and other high-class English securities, with the idea that whatever happens it will be safer in London than in Paris for the next month or so. This movement of cash across the Channel has been very real and is reflected in the course of Exchange. Last week the exchange of Paris on London fell $2\frac{1}{2}$ centimes to 25'23 $\frac{1}{2}$ frs. and this week there has been a further fall of 4 centimes to 25'19 $\frac{1}{2}$ frs. Until therefore the Dreyfus affair is disposed of and the Third Republic is well out of danger, it is not probable that the revival of activity which was looked for will take place. Should confidence in Paris be still further shaken, the consequences may be serious; for Berlin is still heavily indebted to Paris, and any curtailment of facilities in the latter capital will lead to a renewal of the financial stringency in Germany. London is still disinclined to lend money to Berlin, and the result may be that large quantities of American railway securities and of mining shares may have to come on the market and thus cause a considerable depression all round.

All these considerations make it probable that the period of financial ease usual in January will this year be very short. By the end of the month New York will also begin to draw heavily upon London, and if there is any important set-back in the prices of American rails there may be a rush to sell in Wall Street, which, after the recent big rise, may have serious consequences, and will further increase the difficulties of the monetary position. Hitherto the United States have been taking their own securities to a large extent in payment of the heavy trade indebtedness of Europe. If this process should cease, and money instead of securities begins to go across the Atlantic, the drain of gold may be so great that a 5 and even 6 per cent. Bank rate in London will become necessary. Although, therefore, at the mid-January settlement rates may be easier, at the end of January they are likely to be very stiff, and caution is necessary in entering upon any dealings that cannot be concluded before that time. The Bank return on Thursday showed an increase in the reserve of £557,000, and £264,000 was received in gold from abroad. The proportion of reserve to liabilities has, however, fallen 4 per cent. to 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and on Thursday £176,000 was withdrawn from the Bank for South America. The total reserve is about £500,000 lower than at the same period last year, but the proportion of reserve to liabilities is $\frac{1}{16}$ higher. Owing to the release of dividends money has been plentiful, and discount rates have been easier, call money being offered at 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and three months' Bank bills at 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as against 4 per cent. and 3 $\frac{1}{16}$ per cent. last week. Last year, at this time, day to day money could be obtained at 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but the three months' rate was higher at 3 per cent. Consols are $\frac{1}{2}$ lower on the week.

Speculation as to the approaching dividend declarations on Home Railway Stocks are now in full swing,

and on the whole the market is taking a cheerful view of the outlook. At the beginning of the week an all-round advance was established, but on Thursday the general weakness affected this market also, and a good deal of the improvement was lost. Nevertheless the traffic returns of the week in most cases were favourable and made an excellent show for the winding up of the old year. The North-Eastern, with an increase of £23,446, and the Midland, with an increase of £17,511, showed the best results. The Great Western, however, had a decline of £6,890, which is somewhat mysterious, as it comes on the top of a small decrease in the corresponding week of last year. The Great Western has had a bad year, and its ill-luck has apparently pursued it to the very end. The Great Northern also showed a small decline. Metropolitans have been a weak market, and have fallen a point on the week, but Districts have remained firm at the advance which has been established in consequence of the negotiations with certain big companies to which we referred last week.

In the absence of any indications as to the course of working expenditure during the second half of 1898 on the great English railways, the task of forecasting the dividends to be declared becomes to a large extent mere guesswork, and the first reports to appear will be eagerly scanned in order that the general tendency may be discovered. In the first half of 1898 there was, as is well known, a very general and considerable increase in the cost of working the railways, due in the main to higher wages paid to the employes. Since wages cannot go on increasing indefinitely, it has been generally believed that the past half-year will show more favourable results as regards the proportion of working expenditure to gross receipts than was possible in the first half of the past year. It is to be remembered, moreover, that the increased expenditure was already in evidence during the second half of 1897, and that the comparison of the past half-year's results will, therefore, be with a period when the movement which worked such havoc with the dividends of the June half of 1898 had already had its effect. The wages bill for the half-year just concluded will not, we may fairly assume in consequence, show any considerable increase; but on the other hand the increased cost of coal on account of the strike in South Wales will no doubt have made it impossible to achieve any actual reduction in the proportion of working expenditure to receipts. On the whole, we incline to believe that the reports when they appear will reveal a much more favourable state of affairs in this respect than is generally anticipated. The half-year has undoubtedly been a very good one for most of the lines. Six of them show aggregate increases of more than £100,000, for the half-year, and four others of more than £50,000; and this fact is the more important because the comparison is made with a half-year when large increases were reported. Consequently a number of dividend announcements will probably be much more favourable than seemed possible at the end of the first half of 1898, when a most despondent view was taken of the position. These more favourable announcements have not as yet been discounted in the prices quoted for Home Railway Stocks, and a good many advances will follow the earlier reports if they confirm the general anticipation of a more favourable showing.

The North-Eastern, which comes first with the enormous increase in gross receipts of £235,000, may be able to pay $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more for 1898 than for 1897, but an increase of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ seems to be assured. The North-Western shows a gross estimated increase of £180,000, which may turn out to be nearly £200,000 when the exact figures are available. During the first half of the year the Company spent large sums out of revenue on improvements, and if this outlay has not been continued during the second half, an increase of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in the dividend should be possible. In view of the competition of the Great Central and the Great Western it is not probable, however, that the Company has slackened its improving zeal, and we therefore anticipate that the dividend will be the same as for 1897, with a larger balance forward. The Midland, with an estimated gross increase of £175,000, will probably have a

real increase of £200,000; but this Company also has been spending a great deal on improvements in preparation for the competition of the Great Central. Nevertheless we think it probable that at least the Company will be able to revert to its 1896 dividend of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Deferred Stock. Under the most favourable circumstances an addition of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. to the dividend may be possible, making it $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for 1898. The Great Northern's increase of £106,000 may mean an increase in net earnings of £40,000, and with this, the larger balance forward at the end of June and the profit of £21,000 then reserved, the Company will have enough in hand to pay an extra 1 per cent. of dividend. It is not likely, however, that this course will be pursued, but an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is assured, and a much larger balance forward will strengthen the Company's position in view of the competition of the Great Central, that present bogey of all the Northern lines. Great Western shareholders will, of course, have to submit to a reduction in their dividend, probably of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Lancashire and Yorkshire will probably be able to pay at least $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. more, and the Great Eastern should be able to do the same. The Great Central's time of prosperity is not yet, but it will be seen that, except in its case and in that of the Great Western, the shareholders in the "heavy" stocks are likely to have every reason to be satisfied with the results of the past half-year.

American Rails have been a very irregular and "catchy" market all the week, and no one would like to prophesy at the present what the future of this market is to be. In some quarters the reaction is considered a healthy sign after the recent rather wild advance, and it is expected that after a few days the market will have steadied and a more sober upward movement will take place. On the other hand, any further news of trouble in the Philippines and developments in Paris which may seriously affect Berlin will probably bring about another and more serious reaction, and a lower level of prices may be established all round. On the whole, the American market seems to be an excellent place to keep out of at the present moment. The time for the announcement of the Louisville dividend is now at hand, and there is a good deal of interest displayed in the probable amount. Many people are positive that only 1 per cent. will be declared. Others are equally positive that it will be $1\frac{1}{2}$. As a matter of fact, no one knows, but it is certain that the earnings of the Company are sufficient to pay 2, and even $2\frac{1}{2}$, per cent. It will, however, be a proof of wisdom if the directors decide to pay only 1 per cent. for the half-year, and leave the declaration of the full dividend until next July, when the profits of the whole year are known. It is in the December half of the year that the Louisville road earns its biggest profits, and during the present half-year a very large addition to the wages bill will have to be met. Taking a sober view of the position, it seems to us probable that for the whole year to 30 June next the Louisville dividend will be certainly $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and may possibly be 3 per cent., if the anticipations warranted by the trade outlook in the States are realised. Even with the lower distribution, the yield on Louisvilles at their present price of $66\frac{1}{2}$ will be $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and there would seem, therefore, to be room for a further advance in the price of the stock in view of the present excellent position of the railroad.

On the whole, the steadiest market of the week has been the South African department. Those Kaffir gold shares which are currently dealt in on the Paris Bourse were affected towards the end of the week by the uneasiness which French investors and financiers feel with regard to the ulterior consequences of the Dreyfus business, but the rest of the list was firm, and in some cases advances have been scored. This confidence which English investors now feel in the gold mines of the Rand is, of course, due to the wonderful results achieved during the past year. An industry which distributes in actual dividends the sum of £9,000,000 sterling in one year, and produces more than 4,000,000 ozs. of gold, or 1,000,000 ozs. more than were produced in 1897, can scarcely fail to commend itself to the

attention of the investor. As a matter of fact, of course, the shares of the long-established and successful outcrop mines are now only obtainable at prices which yield from 5 to 6 per cent. to the buyer after allowance is made for the amortisation of the capital invested when the mine is exhausted, and, as investments, these mines are therefore placed in the same category by the investor as sound and well-managed home industrial securities. But even amongst the outcrop mines there are several which in the past, owing to difficulties in mining or to bad management, have never given a satisfactory account of themselves. These are now, in most cases, being taken into more expert hands, and will shortly achieve, no doubt, as successful results as their neighbours on the outcrop. But, owing to their lack of success in the past, the shares of these mines are obtainable at much lower prices than those of the more successful undertakings, and consequently offer much greater opportunities of profit. Cases in point are the Van Ryn, to which we have on several occasions drawn attention, and whose shares have since risen from less than £2 to £3 and are likely to go still higher; the Roodepoort United, which by March next will be in a position to earn very largely increased profits, but whose shares have so far failed to show much improvement; and even the George Goch, that unluckiest of all the mines, which is at present in the throes of reconstruction, but which is likely, once this ordeal is successfully passed through, to achieve some, at least, of the success to be expected from it as the next-door neighbour to the Henry Nourse.

An attempt was made to make the new issue of Chartered an excuse for "bearing" the shares, but without success. The slight fall was due to the weakness of Paris, and not to any decrease of confidence. The market was of course quite aware that the shares would be issued sooner or later, and though the announcement was made rather suddenly, the success of the Rhodesian gold mines already at work was a sufficient justification for the issue. The money is asked for specially to assist in the development of the mining industry in Rhodesia, which is now proved to contain payable gold. The December returns from the mines are again good. The Bonsor with 40 stamps crushed 3,600 tons, yielding 1,825 oz. This works out at the rate of 10'139 dwt. per ton, and as the tailings assay $4\frac{1}{2}$ dwt. per ton the total yield is $14\frac{1}{2}$ dwt., an excellent result. So also the Dunraven, with 20 stamps, obtained 1187 oz. from 1938 tons, the tailings assaying 3 dwt., or a total yield of $15\frac{1}{2}$ dwt. per ton. The Geelong mine has not yet returned to the yield of its first month's crushing, the December return giving 10'14 dwt. per ton from the mill, as against 10'2 dwt. in November, 9 dwt. in October, and $12\frac{1}{2}$ dwt. in September. As the tailings assay from 6 to 7 dwt. per ton, even the lowest result is highly payable, for the working expenses, including development redemption, are only 21s. 3d., indicating a profit of 28s. 9d. per ton, equivalent with 20 stamps to a dividend of 17 per cent. on the issued capital of the Company. For the credit of Rhodesia it is, however, to be hoped that the manager will soon be able to redeem his promise to return to the first month's yield. With a yield of 19½ dwt. and the mill of 40 stamps which it is intended to work, the Geelong should be able to earn 40 per cent. on its total capital of £250,000.

Anacondas have lost a small portion of their recent advance owing to selling from Paris, but we have reason to believe that a further considerable advance will soon take place in these shares. Recent advices from the mine show that the difficulties of the past have been overcome, and that the production of copper will be largely increased in the near future. The fire, which has been a source of so much trouble, is at last definitely extinguished, and, though the noxious gases generated still hinder to some extent the working of the mine, ventilation is rapidly removing this final obstacle to the satisfactory working of the richest portion of the Anaconda Company's property. During the past six months practically the whole of the ore smelted has come from the Syndicate mines, and, since the copper content of the ore from this part of the property

is less than that from the Anaconda mine, the profits of the Company have not been so great. Nevertheless, there is not the least doubt that the Company will pay next April its usual half-yearly dividend of \$1.25 per share, making the total dividend for the year 10 per cent. As the par value of the shares is £5 (\$25), and the present price under £7, even after the rise of 1½ since the last settlement, the yield is over 7 per cent. But, as we shall be able to show on a future occasion, the profits next year are likely to exceed 10 per cent. very considerably, and the shares therefore look like a very profitable and improving investment.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF ENGLAND.

MR. J. H. ROUND wrote to us last week concerning our review of Sir J. Ramsay's book, "The Foundations of England."

The disputed point appears to be whether or not Sir J. Ramsay says that Wace described a palisade. Mr. Round in his letter quotes part of Sir James's note on page 27 of his second volume, but not the whole. The note ends thus: "a few lines further on Wace speaks of 'lices,' lists or palissades (*sic*), protecting the standard." Dictionary or no dictionary, there is no doubt that by a "palissade" Sir James means a palisade, and nothing else.

The statement made in our review was therefore strictly accurate.

RICH AND POOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In answer to note or query appended by the Editor to my letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW, "Is Sir W. Russell prepared to say that no man attempts to fulfil the behest 'Be ye perfect,' " I would reply that I never knew of a man who made any attempt of the sort for the very good reason you assign at the end of the sentence. You will permit me to add that I do not think the reply or the query affects the subject of "Rich and Poor" in any way.—Yours very truly,

W. H. RUSSELL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 1 January, 1899.

SIR,—The argument in Sir William Howard Russell's letter, which appears in your issue of yesterday, appears to be founded on the characteristic dislike of the English mind to abstract thought and logical reasoning.

Your correspondent does not believe that either the abstract or the concrete man will strive for an end which he is convinced cannot be attained.

This is begging the whole question, and is morally reprehensible.

Who is able to say that the loftiest ideal of ethical improvement that the mind of man can conceive is unattainable? What does anyone's conviction that it is unattainable amount to? What is such a conviction worth as an opinion on a state of things necessarily far ahead of us in the distant future?

Is it not more logical as well as more moral for man to strive after a lofty ideal? Is it not more scientific? Can any psychological truth be more firmly established than that the mind travels along the line of least resistance? That with which it is most familiarised is that which becomes easiest to do; and if each and all of us were to direct our efforts towards an ideal aim, however far removed from possibility of attainment by ourselves, would it not create a current of tendency which, gathering strength as it went, might one day lead mankind to a stage of ethical development of which we, in this age, can only dream?

Man's moral support comes from hope and from a belief, justified by experience, in the perfectibility of human nature.

Such a belief may be doomed to disappointment. We cannot tell. But it is confirmed by the teachings of

history, which shows us man's slow but sure advance along the road of ethical progress.

Who, then, can say that that progress will be arrested at a particular point, beyond which mankind will not be able to advance?

To refrain from striving after an ideal of perfection because we are *convinced* it cannot be reached is, therefore, nothing less than a grave dereliction of duty.

"Duty exists: immutably survive,

For our support, the measures and the forms

Which an abstract intelligence supplies."

Sir William Russell's unfaith is an enervating gospel of flabby despair. Every such utterance retards man's moral improvement and is a disservice to humanity.—Your obedient Servant, D. N. SAMSON.

CONSUMPTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your article headed "Consumption" treats very judiciously a subject which has been placed very prominently before the public. Perhaps you will permit me, however, as a member of the medical profession, who has considered the matter for many years, to urge a few words of caution lest a too ready acceptance of the doctrine of the infectious nature of tuberculosis should bring about undesirable results. It is said, with truth, that a person affected with consumptive disease of the lungs is a nursery in which the microbes of tuberculosis are cultivated, and whence innumerable seeds are distributed. "Every consumptive patient is a centre from which innumerable disease-causing germs are sneaking into the world." But it should not be concluded that consumptive disease of the lungs is infectious in the sense that scarlatina, small-pox, measles, and mumps are infectious. In fact good evidence of the direct transmission of the tubercle microbe from person to person is extremely scanty. Physicians, who have had many years of service at consumption hospitals, have again and again testified that instances of direct communication of the disease are so rare as to be a matter of surprise, seeing that the life history of the microbe is so well known, and its inoculability so crucially demonstrated. In the wards of a hospital infection between consumptive and non-consumptive patients is unknown. The communication of the disease to a doctor is perhaps not unexampled; but a well-known physician says that for three or four hours twice a week, for eight years, he sat in the midst of a crowd of consumptives, taking his luncheon in the same room with them, and washing down the bacilli with his coffee, yet he continued free from the disease. Such exponents can be multiplied by the hundred. I do not adduce them to weaken the case of those who would attempt by judicious means to destroy the seeds of the disease—to disinfect, for example, the matters expectorated, or to commit to the fire any fabrics on which such sputa have fallen—but I do urge that the fight against the tubercle bacillus should not be carried beyond the proper lines. There is a fear of consequences which I deem undesirable—for instance, the complete isolation of a daughter from her mother, brother from sister, a sister from other sisters who have made her life comparatively happy. For many years in some parts of the Continent the scare has been an agency for extortion. Large sums have been paid for the disinfection of rooms, bedding, &c., and heavy damages have been claimed by hotelkeepers when a death from consumptive disease has given them a chance of putting on the screw. Moreover the authorities of some "advanced" colonies have even gone so far as to prohibit the immigration of tubercular suspects.

The influence of soil, of receptivity, of personal predisposition, has been too much ignored. The experience of thousands tells of the tendency of tuberculosis to be hereditary generation after generation.

As you have said, the object of the recent comment should be education of the people. Most careful hygienic precautions should be taken to prevent the spread of the disease; but the present state of medical science does not warrant the rigorous isolation of a consumptive patient.—Your obedient servant, F.R.C.P.

REVIEWS

THOMAS HARDY AS POET.

"Wessex Poems, and other Verse." By Thomas Hardy. London and New York: Harper. 1898.

MR. HARDY enjoys a great reputation for his very clear, and sometimes powerful, presentation of the limited life of the country folk who live in a back-water out of the main stream of the world. Even more, his work has for some years been one of the important influences determining the estimate of life of many thoughtful, if imperfectly educated, people. We come, therefore, to anything he chooses to publish predisposed to respect. But as we read this curious and wearisome volume, these many slovenly, slipshod, uncouth verses, stilted in sentiment, poorly conceived and worse wrought, our respect lessens to vanishing-point, and we lay it down with the feeling strong upon us that Mr. Hardy has, by his own deliberate act, discredited that judgment and presentation of life on which his reputation rested. It is impossible to understand why the bulk of this volume was published at all—why he did not himself burn the verse, lest it should fall into the hands of the indiscreet literary executor, and mar his fame when he was dead.

The pieces of verse at the beginning of the volume are expressions of the feelings natural to every thoughtful young man coming to his first grips with life, and finding that his imaginings surpass its possibilities. There are the lines to the lady-love who has changed to grosser clay; there is the thought that suffering is more bitter because it falls from blind chance, and not from the flattering, if painful, action of some malignant deity; there is the lament that Nature is indifferent; that the children of a lady who has married another will not be so "high-purposed" as they would have been had she married Mr. Hardy; and there is the revulsion from love. The feelings do not ring quite sincere; they are not strongly felt; they are, in truth, the outpourings in verse common to all the weak, undeveloped natures of intelligent young men, and it is the custom to lock them away, or burn them. Only two of them, "The Heiress and the Architect," and "Neutral Tones," show any forecast of Mr. Hardy's mature strength.

Then comes a very pleasant ballad "Valenciennes," with two really good stanzas in it:

"I never hear the zummer hums
O' bees; and don' know when the cuckoo comes;
But night and day I hear the bombs
We threw at Valenciën."

And
"O' wild wet nights, when all seems sad,
My wovnds come back, as though new wovnds I'd had;
But yet—at times I'm sort o' glad
I fout at Valenciën."

There is in it a genuine realisation of the pathos of the old, shell-deafened pensioner's plight, the true insight into his feelings, and naturally the right form comes.

Of four of the other ballads it can only be said that they are some of the most amazing balderdash that ever found its way into a book of verse. In "San Sebastian" a sergeant, harrowed by remorse, tells the story of the siege of that city, and how Heaven has punished him for ravishing a young girl during the sack of it, by giving his daughter her eyes. In "Leipzig" a Casterbridge workman tells the story of Napoleon's defeat, as it was told him by his German mother,

"When she used to sing and pirouette,
And touse the tambourine
To the march that yon street-fiddler plies."

In "The Peasant's Confession" an improbable peasant tells how he led astray and killed an officer, who told him the gist of the orders he was carrying from Napoleon to Grouchy. The stories of the siege and of the battles are alike bald, mechanical, and lacking in spirit; while that essential quality of the ballad, a lilting easy flow, is entirely wanting. Consider such a verse as—

"With Gordon, Canning, Blackman, Ompteda,
L'Estrange, Delancey, Packe,
Grose, D'Oyly, Stables, Morice, Howard, Hay,
Von Schwerin, Watzdorf, Boek."

Even worse than these three is "The Alarm."
"The Dance at the Phoenix," save for the idiotic lines

"But each with charger, sword, and gun,
Had bluffed the Biscay wave,"

is far better. It is better in story, and has the real ballad ring. While "My Cicely" is exceedingly interesting; for it is instinct with the feeling of Poe, and there sounds through it a far-away, faint echo of his peculiar music.

Mr. Hardy is hardly more fortunate with the poems which purport to be dramatic, than with his ballads of the wars of Napoleon. The situations in "The Burghers," when the husband surprises the flying lovers, and when he gives them gold and jewels for their livelihood, afford admirable opportunities for the display of dramatic power; but such is the pooriness, the clumsiness rather, of the treatment, that they lose all their inherent dramatic force, and are entirely unreal, lifeless, and flat. The scene too in "Her Death and After," where the lover, for the sake of the dead wife's neglected child, blackens her name, and declares falsely to her husband that he is the child's father, is even more unreal. Consider the bald infelicity of this ending of their dialogue:

"— Sir, I've nothing more to say,"

"Save that, if you'll hand me my little maid,
I'll take her, and rear her, and spare you toil.
Think it more than a friendly act none can;

I'm a lonely man,
While you've a large pot to boil.

"If not, and you'll put it to ball or blade—
To-night, to-morrow night, anywhere—
I'll meet you here . . . But think of it,
And in season fit
Let me hear from you again."

Mr. Hardy reaches a higher level in the verse which he calls "personative" in conception. Such verses as "Friends Beyond," "Thoughts of Ph-a," "In a Eweleaze near Weatherbury," are instinct with the intimate, penetrating charm of real feeling, completely, strongly felt; they have the value of originality of sentiment and idea; and were the form equal to the matter, they would be poetry. Last of all comes a veritable poem, "I look into my glass." It is an original thought realised and felt completely; and the expression is so clear and simple, that it will surely live when the rest of the book has been forgotten:

"I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, 'Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!'

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide."

HADRIAN.

"The Emperor Hadrian: a Picture of the Græco-Roman World in his time." By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Mary E. Robinson. London: Macmillan. 1898.

FEW names in history are more familiar than that of Hadrian, and yet the materials for an authentic record of his life are few; indeed, they are scarce almost to an unparalleled extent. A lengthy but often unfaithful and prejudiced account in Greek, written by a Bithynian senator some eighty years after the Emperor's death, and shortened by a monk some eight hundred years later still; a suggestive sketch of his character by Aurelius Victor; and a meagre and inconsequent epitome of his wanderings, by Spartian, both two hundred years after the events; one letter supposed to be from

his own pen, probably spurious, and five lines of agnostic poetry, probably genuine—these are all the literary monuments of his reign and personal life. Indirect evidence there is in plenty; coins and medals, not, as to-day, with formal and unchanging countenance and superscription, but various in type and occasion, almost a complete record of his journeys and benefactions; a wealth of art treasure, from a last-expiring effort of classical and pagan feeling, closely connected with the Emperor and his character, as lover or connoisseur; inscriptions in every province of the world; finally, the ruins of a gigantic country-seat near Tivoli.

And the Age itself—in somewhat the same plight; of direct history little or nothing to narrate, infertile in events, unwarlike, critical yet tolerant, superstitious and credulous, secularist yet curious after hidden mysteries; in Latin, pagan literature complete extinction, and only ambiguous hints of its successor, the Library of Western Fathers; in Greek, a new and brilliant efflorescence—an age peaceful outwardly but restless within, full of contrasts, and opposites, and diverse elements fighting to the death under a superficial uniformity; happiest age of humanity, as many tell us, without doubt of those particular regions; if happiness, which can be exclusively applied to the individual, can be used of a complex society: and if the gentle pressure of a temperate central authority, a socialistic scheme of government aiming at the welfare of all, apart from race or rank or religion, and the comforting absence of personal responsibility—can ensure contentment.

This is an age with which we feel to-day strangely familiar and sympathetic; and in spite of the absence of historic data, and the often confusing effect of the side-lights, we seem to be able to realise it better than the Cæsarian period of the first century, or the succeeding ages of the barbarian invasion, or of theological discussion. The narrow limits of rival States had disappeared without violence and without oppression, until the whole world was one peaceful city; the tone of society was humanitarian and imperialist. There were no more wars of aggrandisement; and no great social problems pressed for an answer. A freedom of speech and of action was tolerated, not to be known again till our own day. In the absence of stirring political movements, men sank into a pleasant languor of apathy; and in that peculiar ironical attitude to life, a mark of a maturity that is nearly decadent, closely approached the mild cynicism of the nineteenth century. In a word, we feel it to be essentially modern, and sympathetic instinct and guess goes beyond the direct evidence, and restores to us something like a complete portraiture of the time.

The book before us is a translation of Gregorovius' excellent and painstaking work on the man and his epoch. It has been long known in the original to students of Roman history; it has certainly influenced one Oxford Prize Essay; and in its new garb should be welcomed by a much larger circle of readers. German books perhaps rather gain than lose by a skilful translation; and, on the whole, the present venture may be commended as intelligent, idiomatic, and natural, though it is to be regretted that a little more care has not been exercised in correction before printing, as the already lengthy list of errata might be considerably extended. "Heiron(yimi)," "φλυπίας," "remedo," "Valentian III.," "enphypnion," "complentissima," "Daisidæmonia" (which looks like a music-hall reminiscence) are all really inexcusable errors in a volume of this size, price, and pretension. The work itself quite deserves the moderate praise of Professor Pelham, whose sympathy with the Imperial Age, and peculiar soundness of judgment, make one sorry that he prefers to be more often a critic than a writer.

Gregorovius divides his book into two parts.—Hadrian's life and reign, and the social, literary, artistic environment of the age. It is extraordinary how much of the former part is, and must always be, purely hypothetical; we can rarely say of any year or any journey, Hadrian did this, but instead "may have," "must have," "probably." It is the twilight of history; in the second division the light improves. The historian is equally at his ease, whether in drawing out a possible scheme of

events, which will not at least do violence to the scattered and vague hints of the authorities, or in his sound appreciation of the general tone of the second century, as displayed in its writers, artists and statesmen. We have an admirable guide-book to the Levant, of all that Hadrian must have seen in his travels; and we ought not to complain of the eager picking up of the slightest incident, and of a somewhat hasty generalising (e.g. p. 174, note 3) in such a dearth of information. It must be confessed that Gregorovius leaves a correct impression on a reader's mind. He is no theoriser; and does not try to explain too much. He is also generally free from that vicious political sentiment in favour of small and irritable city-states, which has up to the present time blinded our eyes to the real greatness and success of Rome. However, he probably wastes his sympathy on the "unhappy creatures," the slaves, who formed a third (and perhaps the most light-hearted proportion) of the population of the Empire. The negroes, the Russians, and the classical comedy—all seem to bring testimony to the careless and irresponsible gaiety of a slave population—just that side of the ambiguous thing "happiness" which totally disappears in the lower ranks of a nominally free country. A great difficulty, too, meets us, in reading his eulogy (p. 203) on Free Labour, "as the highest expression of energy and strength, and the source of all wealth." This would have been unhesitatingly accepted some fifty years ago; but to-day Free Labour is apparently indissoluble from the abject misery of millions and the enrichment of a small knot of unscrupulous egoists; and as to its panacea, Socialism or State-control is, as some think, a modified form of slavery (with an abstraction for master, or an oppressive clique), and not Free Labour at all.

Some few remarks excite a question:—on Plutarch; "even to-day one of his writings [!] is an ornament to literature;" on the Stoics, who are entirely misrepresented by one unfortunate word; "in the *Encheiridion* we are told that man has only his *actions* [!] in his power; they are free, but, &c." He takes (284, 289) far too complimentary a view of the practical import of formal Stoicism, and it must be remembered that Epictetus and Aurelius do not represent this at all, but develop a complex doctrine of Platonism and humanitarianism; the latter not due to the influence of the Porch, but to the imperial precepts and practice of the first just and uniform government the world has ever seen. The "idea of cosmopolitanism and of the brotherhood of man" is an otiose phrase of their vague and indolent ethics; but is, in the world of reality, the proud and enduring achievement of the Empire, and not of that conspiracy of noble but short-sighted philosophers who opposed its foundation, and thwarted its development.

But Gregorovius brings into clear relief the main features of Hadrian's versatile character, and of the age he reflected so well:—(1) in his exchange of an heroic forward policy "for concentration on frontier defence; (2) his personal supervision of an entire empire, free from the embarrassing equipage of modern royalty, and moving, in spite of his despotic powers, in a far more open and truthful atmosphere; (3) his creation of a permanent civil service or bureaucracy (see pp. 217, 224) by which he sowed the seeds of a good and an evil crop—stability and Byzantinism. His chapters on Art and Buildings are appreciative and interesting, and we feel in closing the volume we have been listening to one who has patiently exhausted all the information on the subject, though, perhaps, with Professor Pelham we must add, "he has not said the final word."

In the strange and significant silence of leaderless democracy to-day, as to its views, its motives, its aspirations, it is no wonder that a peculiar fascination attaches to the biography of great sovereigns, born rulers of mankind; a Hadrian, a Frederic, or a Napoleon. The failure of Parliamentarism all through the Latin races causes one to look with unusual interest on the lessons of a democratic Cæsarianism; the leadership of one fearless man empowered by a whole people's assent or choice, which, with all its obvious disadvantages, will certainly never be banished from the list of possible constitutions.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

"Scottish Vernacular Literature." By T. F. Henderson. London: David Nutt. 1898.

IN the fine old crusted phrase, this book supplies a long-felt want, and meets it also in the very nick of time, when several Scottish writers had been thinking of patriotically bestirring themselves to produce such a work. It is, however, satisfactory to find such a competent scholar as the co-editor with Mr. Henley of the "Centenary Burns," setting his practised hand to the task, and its appearance may be taken as a sure sign of a revived interest in the subject. Such a book, of course, is like Burns himself—the product of a long and laborious series of pioneers—and could not have been written without the previous workers in the field such as Pinkerton, Ritson, Irving, Scott, and the learned clubs and text societies. A "succinct history" is what Mr. Henderson calls it, and he has been wise in at first limiting himself to a rapid sketch of the whole subject, rather than in breaking fresh ground with a complete and antiquarian treatment. It is excellent in every respect, and we trust that in a second edition he will see his way to very largely expand his book by increased biographical and critical material, and will not be afraid that there is lacking an appreciative public. The old ignorance about the Northern Speech is yielding to philological advance. Dunbar, the greatest follower of Chaucer, speaks of "our tongue" and "our English"; Sir David Lyndsay of "our English rhetoric." The flippant nonsense of J. R. Lowell on the old Scotch "makars" in his "Spenser" essay was one of the many frailties of that very superior person, who lived to confess his regret in sackcloth and ashes.

The book reads well, and the general reader need have no difficulty in following the history. Nor will the more initiated lack fresh points of interest on old subjects. We are glad to see the author vindicate Barbour from the charge of confusing King Robert the Bruce with the claimant, and assert the right of James I. of Scotland to the "Quair," "Pebilis to the Play," and "Christis Kirk." Romance dies hard; but, since Professor Minto's opinion, it has been impossible to regard the supposed meeting of the King with Jane Beaufort in Windsor as anything else than an imitation of Chaucer's "Palamon and Arcite," and Mr. Henderson has accepted this theory. The great genius of Dunbar receives adequate treatment, and Professor Courthope's curious mistakes on the poet are well exposed. But it is the concluding chapter on the ballads that will afford material for reconsideration of opinion to most men. What will Mr. Henley say to the proof that the great ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens" is, after all, not an indubitable ancient—neither referring to the Maid of Norway, as Scott believed, nor to James III. and Margaret of Denmark, as Finlay thought, nor to the daughter of Alexander III. and Eric of Norway, as Motherwell made out—but, in all probability, is based on Sir Patrick Vans, who sailed with James VI. to bring home his wife? Uneasy feelings about similar possibilities are excited when we see that the great ballads of "Otterburne," and "Jamie Telfer," are practically the work of Scott himself, as they stand at present. How far the mint-mark of Abbotsford has impressed itself on other versions can hardly be known, but the suggestion has long caused qualms to critical editors. We think Mr. Henderson has hardly vindicated Fergusson sufficiently from the libels of Irving, and the strange conceits of R. L. Stevenson, which is all the more noteworthy that he is aware of Dr. Grosart's final words, in his standard "Life" of Burns' great pioneer, in the "Famous Scots" series.

It can only be by an oversight that 1785 is given as the date of Francis Sempill's death (p. 393), and the "Luciad" of Camoens (p. 417). On p. 293 "Y-wis" is erroneously rendered "I guess," as Macaulay and Coleridge also thought. The mother of Fergusson was Elizabeth, not Margaret Forbes. The latest opinion of Dr. Charles Rogers was that "The Rowan Tree" was not written by the Baroness Nairne; and the author has evidently not seen Sir Daniel Wilson's remarks on Jean Elliot's immortal song, "The Flowers of the Forest,"

and his belief that it is largely worked up from genuine and ancient remains.

The volume is a hopeful sign of the times, and a proof of the revival of Scottish interest in the literature of the country. Now that the national universities have devoted part of their curriculum to history, is it too much to expect that Edinburgh for her vacant chair will look for a man qualified to expound the chequered story of Scotland among the nations, and one willing to remember always the claims of Henryson, Dunbar, Burns, and Walter Scott?

"A FRIEND OF THE HONEST KING."

"The Autobiography of a Veteran." By General Count della Rocca. Translated by Janet Ross. London: Fisher Unwin. 1898.

A GENERATION has passed away since the occupation of Rome concluded the struggle for Italian independence. In spite of manifold disappointments and the destruction of ambitious hopes, the era which began with the abortive efforts of Charles Albert and closed with the establishment of his son in the Quirinal remains one of intense interest. This book, the autobiography of a soldier who served the House of Savoy and the cause of Italy throughout that period, adds little to our knowledge of political or military events, but it has a value due to the author's intimate connection with Victor Emanuel. For twenty-five years from 1840 onwards, General della Rocca saw him nearly every day, and from this close association he gives us glimpses of *il re galantuomo* at important crises of his career, which are of particular value. The friendship between the two men arose from a common honesty of character. Della Rocca was no courtier and Victor Emanuel hated etiquette and loved to live in the open air, while his equerry could pass ten or twelve hours in the saddle without fatigue. Their attachment was cemented by service together in the field, in campaigns as unfortunate in a military sense as they were politically successful.

There are few stranger contrasts in history than that between Charles Albert and his son. The former has left nothing behind him but a phrase, *l'Italia farà da se*, which all subsequent events falsified; while Victor Emanuel effected his purposes by adroit alliances, the only possible way to bring his end about. The melancholy dreaming disposition of the father is in startling opposition to the practical common-sense of his successor, which is brought out again and again in this volume. The latter was also possessed of great physical courage, and fought among his men like a subaltern, but was no ideal liberator. In his gigantic appetites, and his love of vulgar adventures, he is one of Dumas' heroes, but he had in him more than a touch of the statesman. He knew how to choose his servants, and he sometimes was able to wait his time and bow to the inevitable, when the wisest of them would have hazarded almost certain destruction by rash action. Compare his sensible acceptance of the disappointing Peace of Villafranca with the uncompromising attitude of Cavour, who actually wished to carry on the war alone. The prescience of the King was justified within one year. His wisdom and foresight are shown, too, in a matter noted by Della Rocca. Louis Napoleon, when President of the Republic, and regarded with suspicion by all the European sovereigns, paid a visit to the frontier of Savoy, and Victor Emanuel took the occasion to send an envoy to greet him with a very complimentary letter. Rocca is probably right when he says that the resolve to help Piedmont dated from that hour, at all events it undoubtedly prepared the soil which Cavour tilled to such good purpose at Plombières. The name of "the honest King" came to Victor Emanuel from his refusal to go back upon his father's word and abrogate the Constitution of Piedmont, as he was urged to do by Radetsky after Novara. In this he was a true son of Piedmont, where honesty is as common as it is uncommon in the South. The writer's dismay at the morality of the Southern Italian helps one to understand the immense diver-

gencies of character among the inhabitants of the Peninsula, and the consequent difficulties of a central authority. Della Rocca was sent as Commander-in-Chief of the Two Sicilies in 1861, and tells many amusing stories of the attempts made to bribe him by the principal inhabitants who wanted contracts and posts under the new régime. He had no love for his new fellow-subjects, and got himself recalled at the earliest opportunity. He served with considerable success as special ambassador on several occasions, notably at Paris before the outbreak of the war in 1859, and later on heard the Emperor read to Victor Emanuel the despatch from the Empress which induced him to abandon the war. That there really was danger to France, from the efforts of the *Wochenblatt* party in Prussia, is made clear by the Bismarck Memoirs, and at any moment she might have been seriously endangered on the Rhine; but it was his own confused policy which landed Napoleon in the impasse where he had either to abandon his ally or risk his crown. The military story of that year is little else than "a confused noise of the warrior and garments rolled in blood." Macmahon blundered hopelessly at Magenta and was created a Duke, while the Emperor rode aimlessly about and narrowly escaped capture, and Solferino was a massacre without definite result. The Italian campaign of 1866 was conducted in the same muddle-headed way, but when Garibaldi and other hot-heads would have continued the war after Königgrätz and the Austrian retreat towards the Tyrol, the saving common-sense of the King was contented with the solid gain of Venetia. Such a story of continued defeat in the field and success won by adroit policy and wise reticence is not to be easily matched in history. The translation of this book is idiomatic and makes agreeable reading, but it might have been reduced to half its present length with advantage.

OUR EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY NAVY.

"The Royal Navy: A History from the Earliest Times to the Present." By Wm. Laird Clowes. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1898.

CERTAINLY the way is made easy now-a-days to those who desire to learn about the British Navy, either as it is at the present moment, or as it has been in the past. Thanks to such works as "The Naval Annual," and Mr. Laird Clowes' own little "Naval Pocket Book," the British public should have no difficulty in making itself familiar with its "Fleet in being." Side by side with the increasing interest in the Navy of to-day is growing up a desire for closer acquaintance with the records of the past. Captain Mahan, in fact, has made naval history and naval science popular studies. The third volume of Mr. Laird Clowes' "Royal Navy" covers the period from 1714 to 1792. It divides itself generally into the civil and military history of the Navy, separate chapters being devoted under the latter head to major and minor operations. In old days an intelligible classification of the ships was more possible than it is now, for a ship was rated according to the number of its guns, which is much the same thing as according to its size. Thus a first-rate mounted 100 guns, a second-rate 84, and a sixth-rate from 10 to 30. But from the death of George the First the favourite class was that of the third-rates. These approximated, perhaps, to our modern first-class cruisers, and were found the most suitable for dealing with the enemy's cruisers. The frigate, around which hang so many romantic tales, was not introduced till 1756, and it is interesting to know that to encourage home manufactures it was required that every ship built in Great Britain should be fitted with sails woven in this country. It is difficult now-a-days to imagine the officers of a man-of-war each dressed according to his fancy, yet it was not till 1748 that a regular uniform was established, and then only for the superior ranks. Life was no bed of roses for junior officers, and we find them described as "bedded worse than hogs, and eating less delicacies." Thompson, however, was able to testify to some improvement, for he says: "The last

war, a chaw of tobacco, a rattan, and a rope of oaths were sufficient qualifications to constitute a lieutenant; but now, education and good manners are the study of all." And what of care for the men's health? A case or two of measles in a battleship causes universal commotion to-day. Compare this with Hosier's fleet in 1726. During two years of his command the nominal complement of his ships did not at any one time exceed 4,750 persons; yet the fleet lost during that period about sixty officers and 4,000 men by various forms of sickness. The relations between the naval and military officers, when acting in concert, were often far from satisfactory; and but little surprise seems to have been felt or expressed at home when, owing to dissensions between the services, the operations against Santiago in 1741 ended in a dismal failure. Nor was the spirit and subordination of the naval officers themselves by any means so good as we should like to believe. We constantly come across descriptions of actions more or less incomplete, followed by mutual recriminations—admirals complaining of lack of support from their captains, and captains pointing out the failings of the admiral.

Courts-martial were of common occurrence, and many officers were punished for their neglect or excess of prudence in action. Thus, after the battle off Toulon in 1745, one captain was dismissed the service, and another his ship; a third was cashiered, and a fourth only avoided punishment by flight. Admiral Mathews, who was in supreme command, was himself placed on his trial and cashiered; while Vice-Admiral Lestock, who largely contributed the evidence against his superior, was also tried, but acquitted. A remarkable conflict took place during Lestock's trial between the court-martial and the Court of Common Pleas, a conflict not without something of a parallel in these days, but with a change of venue. The King sided with the court-martial; but both he and the Admiralty soon found that they must yield to the vigorous action of the civil law. Errors of judgment were punished no less severely than cowardice. Indeed, the four chief counts on which Admiral Byng was tried in 1757 were of a technical nature, involving questions of seamanship, and the court expressly absolved him from all charge of cowardice; yet they ordered him to be shot. The conduct of our naval war during the period embraced in this book includes some very ignominious failures; yet the general record of the everlasting conflict with France and Spain is one of a long series of successful actions—we need not say victories—great and small.

Probably few things will strike the reader of these narratives more than the numbers of serious actions which have passed out of the public memory. The accounts of the innumerable fights are brief and clear, and can be readily followed by the ordinary reader. A table is given in the Appendix, showing the losses of the British, French, and Spanish fleets respectively from various causes. The British ships taken by the enemy are comparatively few, but, owing perhaps to greater audacity in seamanship, large numbers of them are shown as wrecked. It seems wonderful that the British fleet should have achieved what it did in view of the serious discontent and discomfort prevailing in the ships. The details given of mutiny and desertion are most painful reading, and it will hardly be credited that in the four years ending 1780 the fleet lost 42,069 men by desertion alone. The chapter by Captain Mahan is written in his own accurate and lucid style, and deals with "major operations" from 1762 to 1783. No part of it is more interesting than that which describes the "minor operations," as they may be called, between the pigmy fleets of Britain and America on Lake Champlain in 1776. But if the ships were pigmies their crews were giants, and it was only after desperate fighting that the American galleys and gondolas were finally extinguished by the British gunboats. Captain Mahan describes at length the hide-and-seek operations between Lord Howe and D'Estaing, and sums up in a few pregnant words the valuable, if negative, results due to Howe's ability.

LEWIS CARROLL.

"The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll" (Rev. C. L. Dodgson). By Stuart Dodgson Collingwood, B.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1898.

WHEN Mr. Dodgson Collingwood consented to write this memoir of his uncle he fortunately laboured under no delusions as to the difficulty of the work before him. He recognised his own limitations and the elusive and complex nature of his subject. But he was lacking in neither industry nor devotion, and he has had the ready co-operation of "Lewis Carroll's" many friends. The result is that we have before us a biography that is, in the main, not only animated but delightful. "Lewis Carroll" was born at Daresbury, a secluded village near Warrington, in 1832, and came of a good and notable family. The North-country strain in his blood will account for a great deal of his sturdy yet kindly independence. From the North, too, came that indefinable and fascinating wistfulness of fancy which Mr. Dodgson Collingwood has contrived to suggest in his memoir. Memories of Daresbury inspired the poem of "The Three Sunsets," wherein "Lewis Carroll" pictured "the happy spot where I was born" as

"An island farm, 'mid seas of corn"—

the first home, maybe, of the White Rabbit. He seems to have had a very early bent towards the cheerful subject of logarithms. At the age of twelve, when Daresbury had been left for Croft, in Yorkshire, he went to the famous school at Richmond. His boyhood's pastimes, in the way of caricature and scribbling, remind one of those of Thackeray. We are told that long after he left school—i.e., apparently, Richmond School—young Dodgson was remembered as a boy who knew well how to use his fists in defence of right. At Rugby, however, he seems to have felt considerably out of his element. From Rugby he went to Oxford, where he met the original of the Mad Hatter. He matriculated at Christ Church in 1850. Nine months later he went into residence, and from that date till his death, in 1898, he belonged to "the House." Of the mathematical master and tutor Mr. Dodgson Collingwood has comparatively little to say, leaving this section of the book to the hands of the Rev. Watson Hagger, M.A. He has himself tried to show us the man behind the University don.

"Lewis Carroll" has been represented as possessing a singularly reserved and exclusive character. To this view his training and environment certainly gave a semblance of reality. But he was far from being a Dryasdust. Philosophy and history had no special charm for him, and his remarkable devotion to mathematics left room for a wide capacity for enjoying the "cakes and ale" of refined good-fellowship. For a "shy man" he was remarkably astute in the pursuit of desirable introductions. He liked to know eminent people, and he delighted even more in inducing them to take up positions before his camera. His willing photographic victims and his other friends pass in a sort of dioramic procession through his biographer's pages. They range from members of the Royal Family to little circus children. But he cherished impenetrable reservations. Reverence was an instinct with him; he exacted punctilious courtesy from all his child friends; and in these characteristics we have an inkling of the reason for his close adoption of a pen-name. "Lewis Carroll" was a nom de guerre adopted at the suggestion of Mr. Edmund Yates, in the old days of "The Train." Mr. Dodgson Collingwood's aim has been to let his uncle tell his own story as far as possible, so that we have numerous extracts from Mr. Dodgson's Journal and correspondence. In the Journal occurs an entry, dated July 4, 1862, which describes the now well-known origin of "Alice"—how Mr. Dodgson made a river expedition to Godstow with the three little daughters of Dr. Liddell, and told them the fairy tale which he then undertook to write out, and which has formed, with its companions, the subject of much ingenious theorising.

"Lewis Carroll's" love for the drama is an oft-told tale. Especially did he admire the acting of children. How far he let imagination carry him away as he saw life in the mirror of the stage may be measured by

the curious mistake he made in addressing books to two married actresses (whom he saw take the leading parts in "The Two Little Vagabonds") under the impression that they were girls of about fifteen and twelve years old respectively. Of his literary and musical tastes, we gather that Dickens, Kipling, and C. M. Yonge were his favourites; that he deemed Gregorian chants vile; and that he was not above admiration of a popular music-hall song, although he never in his life entered a "variety theatre." As a critic of art he passed a telling verdict on the statues in the German capital. "The beast-killing principle," he wrote, "has been carried out everywhere with a relentless monotony which makes some parts of Berlin look like a fossil slaughter-house." Exacting to the last degree in his relations with Sir John Tenniel and Mr. Furniss, he was equally ready to acknowledge with gratitude the carrying out of his ideas by those two artists. Very charming is the story of his meeting with Miss Gertrude Thompson, who illustrated his "Three Sunsets," a poem which, in Mr. Dodgson Collingwood's eyes, veils the romance of its author's life: "The shadow of some disappointment. . . . that gave him his wonderful sympathy with all who suffered."

Many of "Lewis Carroll's" friendships with children began in a railway carriage. Once, when he was travelling, a lady, whose little daughter had been reading "Alice," startled him by exclaiming, "Isn't it sad, about poor Mr. Lewis Carroll? He's gone mad, you know? . . . I have it on the best authority." The idle rumour owed its origin doubtless to the purely popular notions regarding men and women who cross the borders of the commonplace. These notions are a stock possession of "the public."

There were brave tellers of fairy tales long before "Lewis Carroll"; but his is the renown of one who has added a rich province to the realm of Oberon and Titania, and has, further, given to many grown-ups a key to the golden gate of childhood—a gate which they had never dreamed of re-entering. All who knew "Lewis Carroll" and love his work will regret that the form of this biography is not less clumsy to handle.

MYSTERIES OF CRIME.

"Mysteries of Police and Crime." By Major Arthur Griffiths. London: Cassell & Co. 1898.

THIS extensive work is a brief history of the great criminal cases. It covers a vast period of time and a vast area in space. Europe and America, even India and Australia, have yielded their quota of direful human testimonials to the author's industry. With no attempt at chronological order, we are taken from the times when torture was as common as cross-examination up to events but a few months old. There is at the same time much in this book that is instructive as to the efforts made by the State to protect property and person. Police there have been of a kind from the earliest ages, when they chiefly consisted of the military guards about the persons of kings and rulers. Major Griffiths considers that it was the French monarchs who began the development of the system in more modern times; a "fatal gift," according to our chronicler, "soon to be developed into an engine of horrible oppression." And when we read of the doings of La Reynie, de Sartines and Fouché, with their secret unbounded power and hordes of corrupting and all-per-vading spies, we can hardly quarrel with the sentiment. Again, Vidocq, who may be considered the first founder of a regular detective force, was himself a convict of the worst type, as were his instruments, whom Vidocq employed against their old companions in crime. Dreaded by many, and trusted by none, he died in poverty in 1857.

In England during the last century, and down almost to our own day, there were no police in the modern meaning of the word, but only decrepit watchmen, old and harmless, while the detective force consisted chiefly of the eight celebrated Bow Street Runners, beautifully typified in Dickens's Inspector Bucket. It was in 1829 that Sir Robert Peel originated the New Police, a measure which was far from popular at

first; the English people dreaded anything resembling a military force, and had a holy horror of espionage. But the new body rapidly gained favour; for it established order and made streets safe and rendered property secure. The Metropolitan police force now numbers over 15,000, patrolling an area of 688 square miles. We cannot follow the author through his huge and varied record of crime and criminals, but students of human nature and lovers of detective stories will find much therein to gratify them. Many facts are brought forward which claim the attention of thoughtful men as well as of the consumers of "sensations." We learn how hard it fortunately proves to get rid of a dead body, owing to the baffling difficulty of entirely destroying the traces of the dead even by means of fire. We read how want of all scientific knowledge has sometimes led to ultimate discovery, as when a murderer placed chloride of lime over the corpse of his victim, little thinking that he was only preserving the body in so doing. Again, arsenic has been perhaps more used than any other poison, yet nothing so unfailingly leaves clearer tokens of its presence, besides preserving the remains. We are told, too, that persons who die by their own or others' violence will be found with their eyes open, a fact which has frequently led to evidence of crime, the eyes having been subsequently closed to simulate a peaceful end.

It is gratifying once more to observe that even the most desperate outlaws have so often shown glimpses of a better nature that many of them, we cannot help thinking, might have lived useful, if not noble lives, under different conditions. It is no disparagement to this interesting history to say that it adds little or nothing to the science of "Sociology" (the word is not ours), and does not seem fully to appreciate the outcome of a modern view which regards crime as mainly a symptom either of social or physical disease. Major Arthur Griffiths, however, is dealing with past offences and old methods, and of these an ex-governor of Millbank is well qualified to speak. But it is significant to notice that the officials of the old order have no hope to give us. "Crime," says the author, "must be constantly present in the community; force and fraud are in our midst," and, according to prison officers, "so it will go on to the end of the world." Scarcely so, perhaps; at least not so much so. The chronicles of crime themselves give some hope. At one time "body-snatching," which often led to deliberate murder, was rampant in this country; and why? Because a "subject"—then very hard to get—fetched from £8 to £12 at the various medical schools. Now when, under wiser laws, bodies for anatomical research are properly obtainable, the stealing of corpses has become a crime, in the legal sense, of the past. This is only one instance of the great truth that human nature responds to its surroundings. The methods of mere punishment have had their day; erroneous in theory and futile in practice, they are slowly giving place to curative treatment. It will rest with patient Science and the wisdom of future legislators to redeem our weaker brethren from being "damned into the world" and sinking beyond salvation into the great vortex of crime.

FICTION.

"Afterwards, and Other Stories." By Ian Maclaren. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

DOUBTLESS it will not be believed, nevertheless it is true:—this is the first book by Ian Maclaren we have perused. We intend, unless fate go hard with us, that it shall be the last. Babbage patented a machine that did sums accurately, and we wish we had one. Mr. Maclaren has, we are convinced, invented a similar instrument for turning out the accomplished story, but we do not yearn to possess it. Or ought the method to be described as a novel-cookery recipe? Take a person whose character is made up of a "wealth of sacrifice" *sic* and a victim upon whom the appetite for figuring as a martyr is exercised, combine them with false sentiment, feeble phraseology, some cheap flippancy, and a few minor early-Victorian-Christian-young-

woman's-magazine characters, and out comes a tale ending in a death-bed scene, the victim left in agonies of remorse, and the self-sacrificer escaping to heaven in broken "last words" with four or five dots between. This nauseating stuff (palmed off as stories) is not redeemed by any better touch; the descriptions of nature are of a piece with the rest. Two-thirds at least of the stories in the present volume end in death-bed scenes; this fact lends ample opportunity for a protest against the prostitution of the great mystery of death, to help the profitable penny-a-lining of a maker of worthless printed stuff. There is all the difference in the world between ending a story in death and ending it in a death-bed scene. The great natural event hangs over every man. Happily for the dignity of human nature, these mawkish death-bed scenes do not.

"Stories in Light and Shadow." By Bret Harte. London: C. Arthur Pearson.

Tales by the pen of Bret Harte are always welcome, and this volume will add to his reputation for securing the interest. Even an old hand will not guess the plot enclosed as a nutty kernel in the small space of each racy story. "Unser Karl," the simple strayed American citizen, who perplexed the American Consul of Schlachtstadt, who was made to serve his time for his Fatherland by official decree, and was handed on by rapid promotion right into the heart of the "fortress of fortresses," Rheinfestung, is a delicious bit of extravagance. But the best tale is that of "Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy," while the best character-sketch is that of Urania, wife of Enriquez, though the story in which she moves is the most improbable of the set.

"By Roaring Loom." By J. Marshall Mather. London: Jas. Bowden.

This is a collection of stories concerning Lancashire factory workers, told in dialect. Both tales and dialect are good, though the author seems to wander into the neighbouring county of Yorkshire for some of his words. "Laiking" is not the common expression for Lancashire folk, though it is good Yorkshire; the Lancastrian uses the word "playing" for out-of-work people. The strange portion of this volume is the long introduction, wherein the writer deplores the fact that Lancashire still "awaits her novelist," and introduces the county and its main industry as an undiscovered land. But many novelists have mined the county; first and foremost came Mrs. Trollope, in the early days of the century, when the effects of the new factory system were beginning to stagger the minds of men; the author seems to have forgotten her. Later we had Mrs. Gaskell, to whose well-known and admirable work Mr. Mather is hardly just; then followed Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and a host of minor writers, while Edwin Waugh and Ben Brierley cannot be beaten in their own field of the dialect-songs and tales. If it is the ambition of Mr. Mather to be as distinctively the novelist of Lancashire as Thomas Hardy is of Dorset, he may indeed be congratulated when he succeeds. These stories, effective though they are, are first-fruits that hardly give promise of a harvest so rich.

"Uncle Max." By Rosa Nouchette Carey. London: Macmillan.

This is a book for the female young person. The characters come on in battalions, new ones every few pages, like wooden soldiers on a frame. The chief male character turns his young brother out of the house on the word of a maidservant that she saw him steal a cheque; he also accepts the assurance of "another woman" that the girl he loves is indifferent to him. Uncle Max also accepts a similar assurance in the case of his admired lady; hence the course of true love runs not smoothly. We believe that by the decree of Mrs. Grundy this is the right sort of novel on which to feed the wits of girls.

"The Green Passion," by Anthony P. Vert (London: Greening), is properly described by the author herself—we assume that Vert is the *nom de guerre* of a lady—as the study of a jealous soul. Everything about the book,

including the cover, is green, with the possible exception of the story itself. If this is a first book, the author gives promise of good work to come. The story is that of a wayward, wholly natural girl who hates the new woman and the woman journalist, marries a clever journalist, and becomes intensely jealous of him, to her own and everyone else's pain. In the opening the author gives us her idea of diverse passions, the white, the golden, the silver, the red, the black, and the green—an epigrammatic little study in itself: "The green passion . . . turneth true love and trust into jealousy, and most exceeding bitter are its chains, so that they who wear them writhe of heart and moan continually." The method adopted in telling the story is in the main that of the book of a play rather than that of the ordinary novel. It is not a style to be cultivated by novelists indiscriminately.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Dreyfus Case." By Fred C. Conybeare, M.A. London: George Allen. 1898.

"A History of the Dreyfus Case." By George Barlow. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1899.

WITH the disclosure of the secret dossier to the Cour de Cassation last week, the long-drawn-out agony of the Dreyfus affair possibly entered on its last phase. Whatever the result of the investigation may be—and the opinion of the whole world is now practically unanimous in favour of the convict—the case is among the most dramatic which even French history has known. A profoundly moving study, as it has been unfolded week by week for the past two years in the Press, it is only possible to appreciate the full force of the tragedy when dealt with as a whole. The two volumes before us approach the matter from slightly different standpoints; but each in its way is an able statement of the case for Dreyfus. What new facts may be laid before the Court time only can show; but there seems no loophole of escape from the conclusion that Dreyfus is the victim of a conspiracy. Four years have elapsed since he was convicted. At the end of 1894 nobody doubted that he had been justly punished. At the end of 1898 there seems equally little doubt that Commandant Ravary spoke truth at Zola's trial when he said that "Military justice is different from civil justice." When M. Cochefert arrested Dreyfus, he replied to the prisoner's protestations of innocence:—"Il est inutile de vous débattre devant l'évidence. Votre trahison est découverte." Judging from the evidence contained in these two books, it would be difficult to put the position of the accusers of Dreyfus to-day more concisely. Since Colonel Picquart's discovery of the "petit bleu," disclosing the real authorship of the bordereau, the enemies of Dreyfus have been beaten at all points, till nothing but the secret dossier remains as a straw to be wildly clutched at. Mr. Barlow's array of dates and facts is even more complete than Mr. Conybeare's, though it could hardly be more convincing. His volume, indeed, makes generous acknowledgment of the value of Mr. Conybeare's labours. "The clearest and most decisive testimony," writes Mr. Barlow, "and the sternest protest in the name of truth against the repeated lies by which French generals and ministers were dishonouring France, came from England. To all who know the leafy beauty of Oxford in the month of June, to all who love the grey cloisters . . . there was something strange and even solemn in the voice of truth thus sounding across from the calm of Oxford to the turmoil of Paris." "Huguenot's" articles were supposed to be the work of M. Joseph Reinach, until Mr. Conybeare came forward as the author in order to save M. Reinach. Yet the judges of the French Military Court of Enquiry degraded M. Reinach on account of the articles he had not written. In the eyes of the military party in France it would seem to be a crime to be suspected. Neither Mr. Conybeare nor Mr. Barlow can for a moment be accused of any hostility to the French nation. On the contrary, they sharply differentiate between France and those who are dragging her fair name through the mire in the assumed interests of the Army. It is the purpose of both writers to expose "the group of officers who, having behaved infamously in the matter of Captain Dreyfus," have sought to save themselves by falsehoods, illegalities, forgeries, and sophistry. That Dreyfus, innocent or guilty, was illegally condemned has been tacitly admitted by the French Government itself; but there is still a mystery at the bottom of the whole business which events may clear up. Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Barlow explain much; but we can hardly expect more from these books than as a fact we get.

"Cornelius Nepos." Vol. I. By H. Wilkinson, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1899.

A very creditably compiled little school-book for junior forms. There are a few slips of quantity in the vocabulary—*e.g.* *abicio* (which however would pass muster, say, in Statius),

largitio, and *quōdīānus*, which last again is rather fantastic as regards quantity than absolutely wrong. The notes are for the most part useful, but irregularities of syntax ought to be branded more conspicuously. Otherwise the boy who imitates them is likely to suffer.

THE JANUARY REVIEWS

American Imperialism and the Far East have been practically driven from the January Reviews by the question of the Liberal leadership. It is significant that the "Contemporary," the monthly organ of Radical sentiment, is content to dismiss the crisis in a short conversational skit. The "Fortnightly" seizes the occasion to publish an article on Lord Rosebery as "the Disraeli of Liberalism." The definition is not very precise, nor very true, but there is much acute criticism in the article showing the discrepancy between some of Lord Rosebery's words and some of his actions. If there were a Public Orator of the Empire, Lord Rosebery, we may agree, would be an ideal selection; but it is going a little far to say the ex-Premier "may return to the Foreign Office under whichever party he chooses." Another article in the same Review impartially characterises Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt as "recreant leaders," each of whom resigned just when the party was looking to him for guidance and inspiration. The personal nature of the differences which have led to the Liberal collapse are insisted on by the Rev. Guinness Rogers in the "Nineteenth Century." Mr. Rogers seems to think that the taunts indulged in at the expense of the party by Mr. John Morley in his letter to Sir William Harcourt should have been left to Mr. Chamberlain. What a happy family the Radicals have become! One thing fortunately is made clear by the current Reviews. It is not possible for a Radical leader, when one can be found, to go to the country on any anti-Imperial policy. As Mr. Rogers says, it is not necessary to be a Little Englander in order to escape the taint of Jingoism. The whole truth is indicated by Mr. Sidney Low, also writing in the "Nineteenth," when he says that men like Lord Rosebery and Sir E. Grey would, in a natural arrangement of parties, be found on one side of the fence and Sir W. Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Labouchere on the other. Mr. Low states "a case for coalition," and suggests a composite Cabinet on the lines of that proposed recently in the "Fortnightly." Though there is exceedingly little ground for believing that Mr. Chamberlain could or would work with Mr. Asquith, the idea is less inconceivable than would have been a suggestion in 1884 that Mr. Chamberlain might some day work with Lord Salisbury.

Lord Rosebery has left the remnants of the Manchester School high and dry by his utterances on the Fashoda crisis. The argument that he is more Jingoistic than Lord Salisbury is very wide of the mark. As a matter of fact, Jingoism is as moribund as Cobdenism, and Mr. H. W. Wilson's article on the subject in the "National Review" will serve at least one useful purpose. It will show precisely what there is in the parrot cry of Jingoism raised whenever it is necessary to make a stand against foreign pretension and aggression. The Jingo, says Mr. Wilson, does not desire war; he is anxious to avoid offence to other nations; and he dislikes to see "Ministers in public prancing and threatening war while in private they are playing something very like the coward." That we hope is not Mr. Wilson's way of characterising the conduct of certain British Ministers in the past year. Mr. Wilson takes a pessimistic view of the future. "War," he says, "will be always on the horizon until the great conflict in Europe is fought out." Fashoda has cleared the air for the Radicals, probably as effectually as for foreign Powers. They now understand that, whatever the arguments against "bloated armaments," it is vain to expect the British nation to again submit to what "The Looker-on" in "Blackwood's" calls the policy of the Squeeze. Foreign nations are much more amiable when they see that England is prepared, than when they know they may bully with impunity. Sir William Harcourt is regarded by "The Looker-on" as the embodiment of "Manchester principles in foreign policy." The Cobdenite reactionaries are dependent for power on the Law of the Pendulum in elections, and we are warned that foreign Powers will do as little as possible to offend Great Britain in order "to accelerate the backward swing of the Pendulum, whereon Sir William Harcourt sits, like Cupid in a French clock." A similar line of thought runs through "The Looker-on's" comments on Sir Edmund Monson's speech. It was meant as a reminder of the danger of "giving in."

Of the more miscellaneous articles in the Reviews, there are several which are worthy of careful perusal. In the "Fortnightly" there is Mr. J. G. Leigh's survey of the Samoan question, of which he takes a most serious view. The article is important notwithstanding Mr. Leigh's tendency to muddle his metaphors, and such a slip in regard to dates as that Mr. Seddon "succeeded to the New Zealand premiership in 1886." The Tanganyika Railway is advocated by Mr. Lionel Decle as certain to improve the means of transport to the heart of Africa. In the "Contemporary" Mr. E. E. Bennett has a sensational account, reflecting very severely on the Sirdar, of the killing of wounded Dervishes "after Omdurman." Mr. Bennett's story

is not a new one, but it is passing strange he should have saved his revelations for publication three months after the battle. Mr. William Clarke, also in the "Contemporary," writes on Bismarck as embodying the spirit of the counter-Revolution. "Blackwood" "takes a look at the Carlists, their chief, their real cause, and their technical case." The article, which bears the impress of authority, seems to cut at the roots of Carlism. It shows that Don Carlos has no legitimate claim to the Spanish throne, and that his bids for popularity have lost him the support of certain thoroughgoing Carlists. Captain Eardley Wilmot's life of Admiral Lord Lyons is reviewed appreciatively in both "Blackwood" and the "National." The Dreyfus case is treated in the "National" and the "Nineteenth"—in the latter by M. Yves Guyot, who regards the affair as a sequel to Boulangism. Two other specially notable contributions to the "Nineteenth" are Mr. Swinburne's Prologue to "The Duchess of Malfy," and Lieut.-Colonel Adye's on "The Colonial Weakness of France." France, with a stagnant if not a falling population, is striving after too much. Her colonial ambition is not a sign of power; and it is certain that a country which has no surplus population can have little hope of successfully challenging the colonial supremacy of Great Britain.

For This Week's Books see page 28.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this first Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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